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NOVEMBER

TARGET COMICS

10¢



VOL. 6 NO. 8

W. PAGO

[illegible]



TARGET HITS AND MISSES



Editors' Page

The Editors Write:

Greetings, Gang!

You'll notice that Bobby Lauher and Henry Steele of Houston, Texas, weren't too keen on the July-August TARGET. We'd like to hear from more of you about that issue. Suggestions for improvement are always welcome.

Now about loose talk . . . With the impending mass shifts of troops to the Pacific areas from Europe and this hemisphere, it becomes more important than ever to stress the danger of discussing the movements of men, ships, and materials. The discussion of types of cargo or the transfer of units specialized in particular types of warfare may betray military plans. We can't emphasize too strongly, the danger of loose talk.

Something else: Schools will be opening in a very short time, which means that vacation jobs are at an end for another year. Let's keep school attendance at the peak and show the guys overseas that here on the home-front we're working for a better America.

The Navy announces the immediate need for 20,000 more WAVES. Many of these new recruits will become Hospital Corpsmen and will fill positions where their services may be utilized in caring for the sick and wounded. Spread the news around.

That's all for now, gang. Let's hear from you.

Cordially,

THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

In your July-August issue, the Speck, Spot, and Sis story was poor art and poor plot; in fact, it is the corniest monstrosity in your publication.

The Q's and A's distract the readers' attention from the stories.

The artist who draws Candid Charlie has poor art judgment.

Targeteers, Bull's-Eye Bill, Chameleon and Dan'l Flannel are OK. A life such as that of the Cadet is possible but not probable.

Yours for a better TARGET,

Bobby Lauher
Henry Steele
Houston, Texas

We wish we had space to print off of your letter. You and your friends have shown a lot of interest in making TARGET COMICS a better magazine.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I was looking through my magazine collection today and found the April issue of TARGET. I began to look through it. When I finally put the magazine down, I had read it from front to back.

Although I am not very much of a comic book fan, I thoroughly enjoyed TARGET. It has such a variety of stories. I believe I like Dan'l Flannel best.

I can assure you the next time I buy a comic book, it will be TARGET.

A new TARGET fan,
Jack Irwin
Richmond, Virginia

We're always glad to welcome new readers, Jack.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading TARGET Comics and I know it is tops. It is a great help to me because I have a broken leg.

My favorite characters are the Cadet, the Chameleon, and the Targeteers. I agree that with more Targeteers, TARGET Comics could be improved.

Yours truly,
Jimmy Keefer
Boise, Idaho

We're pleased to know that TARGET helped while you were confined.

Dear Editors:

I have been reading the letters in the May issue of TARGET magazine. I noticed that some people have been complaining about minor things but I don't see anything to complain about. I have read many magazines but I think TARGET is the best I have read yet.

I am a sophomore at Xavier Prep school. Our school has been doing a lot to help the war effort. We have sold many war bonds and stamps and we have collected a lot of waste paper. We have been doing a great deal to help the servicemen.

Yours truly,
Louise Townsend,
New Orleans, La.

You're justly proud of the fine work your school is doing, Louise. Thanks for those kind words about TARGET.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Just finished reading the May issue of TARGET Comics. I was looking over the letters and I agree with Dubois Bushe and Marie Hartsfield that girls should have a strip. Personally I like The Cadet and the Chameleon the best.

I think the answers should be printed right side up to make it easier to read.

I have to read TARGET over and over before I really put it away and then I like to get it after two or three months and read it all over again.

A constant reader,
Rutha Bunn
Reilly, Ohio

TARGET really sees a lot of action at your house, Rutha. A vote was taken on the Q and A answers and it was decided that they should remain upside down.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I like TARGET Comics because it has such interesting features as the Cadet, Target and Targeteers, and the Chameleon.

Sometimes I like a good laugh so I simply turn over to the Targeteers and there it is. Yes, your magazine is one of the best I have ever read.

Your TARGET reader,
James Gibson
Alpaca, Michigan.

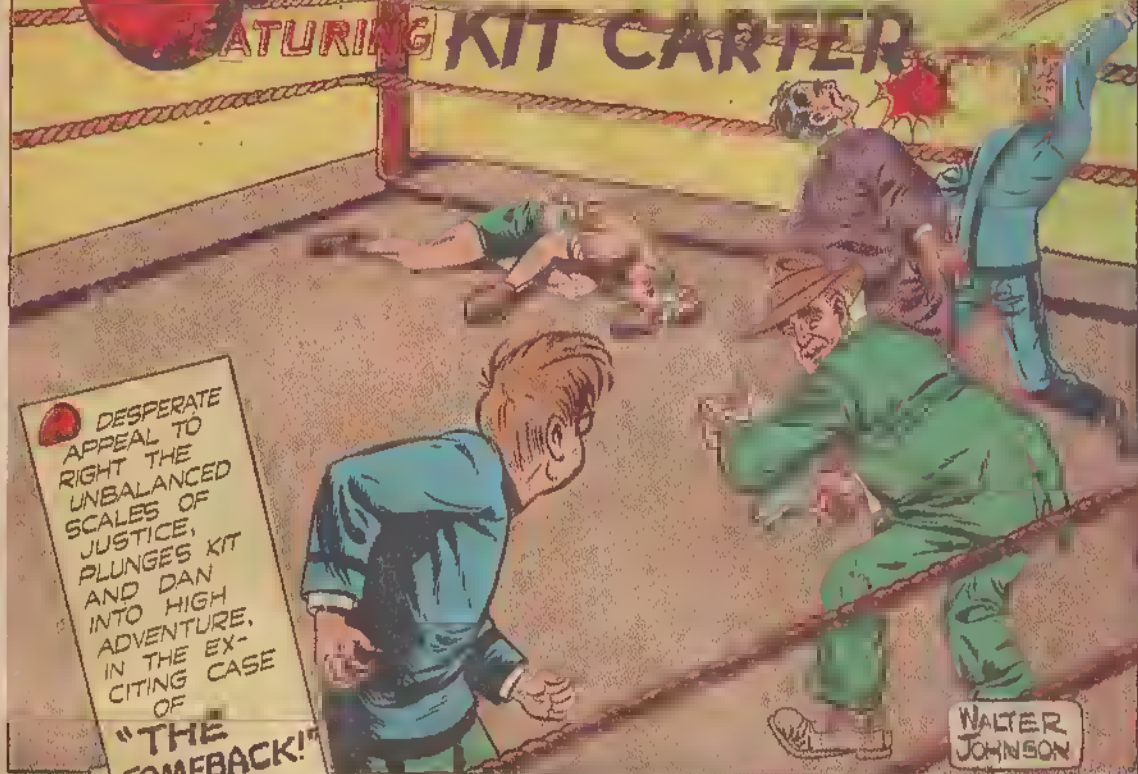
TARGET seems to fill the bill as far as you're concerned, Jimmy.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 119 West 19th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

THE CADET

FEATURING KIT CARTER



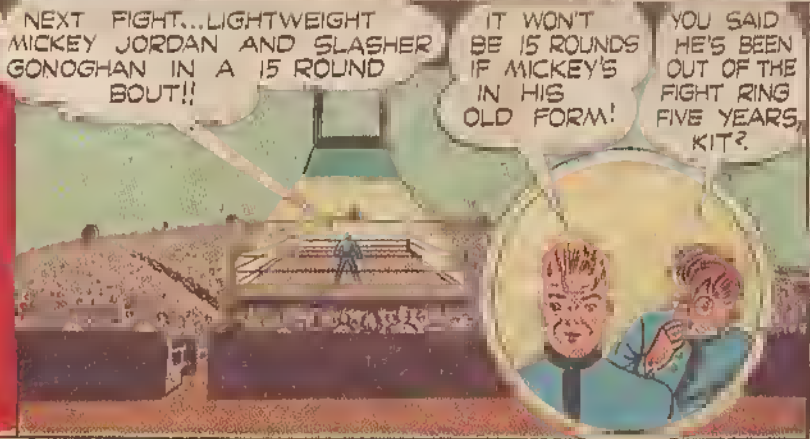
WALTER
JOHNSON

NEXT FIGHT...LIGHTWEIGHT
MICKEY JORDAN AND SLASHER
GONOGHAN IN A 15 ROUND
BOUT!!

IT WON'T
BE 15 ROUNDS
IF MICKEY'S
IN HIS
OLD FORM!

YOU SAID
HE'S BEEN
OUT OF THE
FIGHT RING
FIVE YEARS,
KIT?

SATURDAY
NIGHT FINDS
KIT AND DAN
ATTENDING
THE CHARITY
BENEFIT
FIGHTS IN
CENTRAL
CITY---



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YES, HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO BEING CHAMP... GOSH, HE WAS ONE OF MY FAVORITES... THEN HE SUDDENLY DROPPED OUT COMPLETELY...

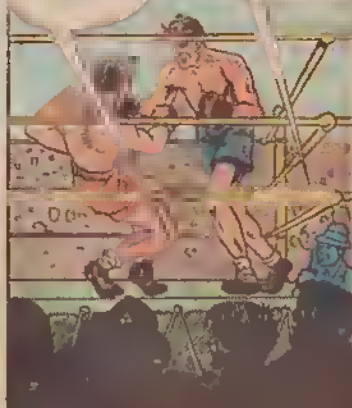
KIT, IS THAT MICKEY STEPPING INTO THE RING?



INTRODUCIN'-- **MICKEY JORDAN**.... AND FOLKS, THERE'S **SLASHER** COMIN' UP NOW!



MICKEY LOOKS MUCH THINNER! AND FINE, TOO. WONDER HOW HE'LL FIGHT.



THE QUESTION IS ANSWERED -- IN ROUND 2!

OH!

THAT'S TELLIN' HIM, SLASHER!

YOU GOT HIM!



MICKEY BITES THE DUST FOR THE COUNT OF 9....

THE WINNER BY A KNOCK OUT-- **SLASHER GONOGHAN!**



AS THE CADETS LEAVE THE STADIUM--

JORDAN'S IN TERRIBLE SHAPE!

HE BETTER STAY OUT OF THE FIGHT GAME!

HE USED TO BE TERRIFIC-- IT'S HARD TO UNDERSTAND--



WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM IN 5 YEARS? I'D SURE LIKE TO FIND OUT!

YOU'VE GOT ME CURIOUS, TOO!



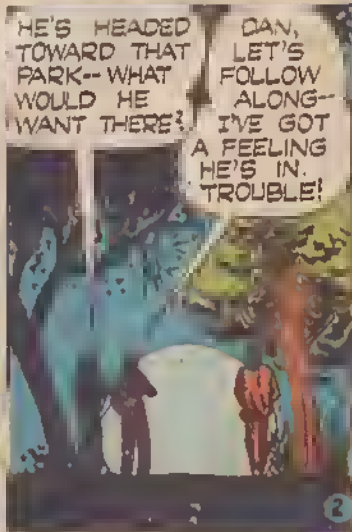
THERE HE IS-- ALL ALONE.

HE'S SO NERVOUS, HE CAN HARDLY LIGHT HIS CIGARET!



HE'S HEADED TOWARD THAT PARK-- WHAT WOULD HE WANT THERE?

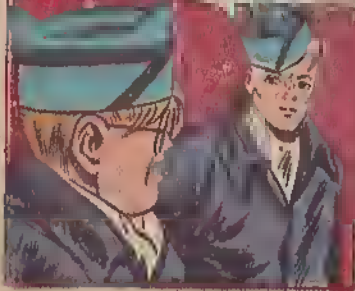
DAN, LET'S FOLLOW ALONG-- I'VE GOT A FEELING HE'S IN TROUBLE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

ALL HE'S BEEN DOING IS STANDING AND STARING INTO NOTHING-- I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM--

SO DO I... WE'RE GOING UP AND TALK TO HIM!



BUT VENTURES---

MR. JORDAN--HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY SPEAKING TO YOU, BUT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU...I'VE BEEN ONE OF YOUR FANS SINCE YOU STARTED FIGHTING.

THAT'S A LAUGH, KID-- YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN ME TO-NIGHT AT THE STADIUM.



THEN YOU KNOW I'M ALL WASHED UP!

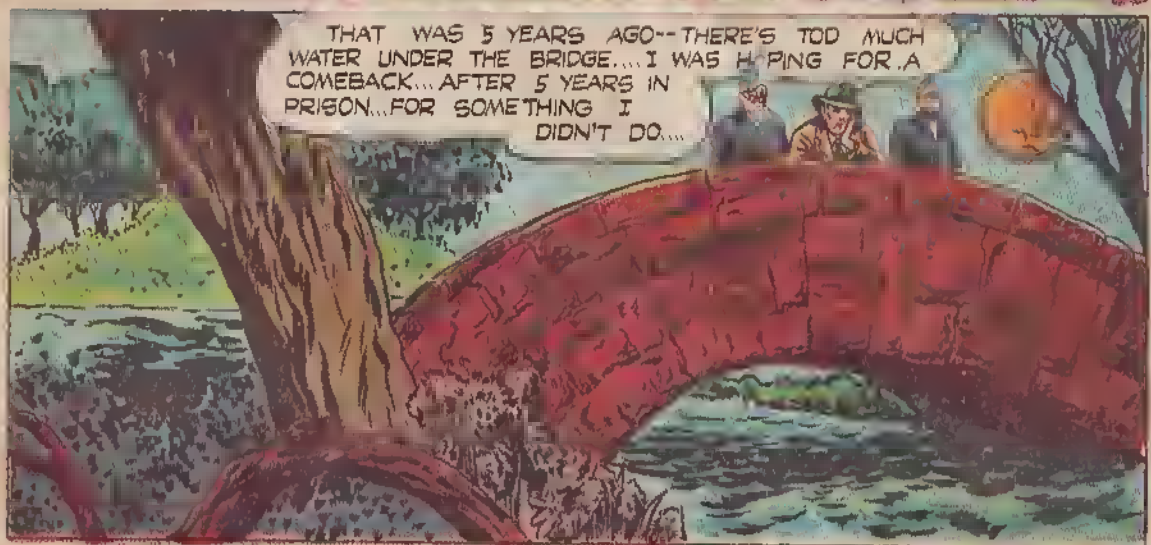
ND, YOU COULON'T BE-- ANY-ONE WHO PACKED

THE PUNCH YOU ONCE DID, HAS REAL CHAMP STUFF IN HIM!

WE DID!



THAT WAS 5 YEARS AGO--THERE'S TOD MUCH WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE...I WAS H-PING FOR A COMEBACK...AFTER 5 YEARS IN PRISON...FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO...



WHAT HAPPENED? I'D LIKE TO KNOW --- MAYBE WE CAN HELP YOU.

NO ONE CAN HELP ME NOW--BUT I'LL TELL YOU ANYWAY--KIND OF FEELS GOOD TALKING TO

SOMEONE-- IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT AT THE CLUB GYM HERE--I WAS THE LAST ONE OUT...



--SUDDENLY I HEARD A NOISE IN THE OFFICE, AND HURRIED THERE--"

HAPPY CLYDE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING...? THAT MONEY---

LET ME GO, JORDAN! I WARN YOU-- LET ME GO!



--THEN I SAW THE SAFE WAS OPEN... CLYDE, LIGHT-WEIGHT CONTENDER FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, HAD STOLEN LIKE A COMMON BURGLAR!

YOU'RE NOT TAKING THAT MONEY!

POLICE! SIRENS!! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT!



3

"--IN HIS FRIGHT, CLYDE LOOSENEED HIS HOLD... I HAD THE MONEY--"

CLYDE! YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY!



"--CLYDE DUCKED THROUGH THE DOOR, AND BEFORE I COULD FOLLOW--"

THERE HE IS! STOP! --OR WE'LL SHOOT!

THE POLICE!



"--I WAS TRAPPED--"

WE'VE GOT HIM, SERGEANT!

CAUGHT HIM COLD, WITH THE MONEY!

YOU THINK I STOLE IT? I DIDN'T!



THE SAFE'S BEEN ROBBED, ALL RIGHT! THE WATCHMAN HEARD NOISES, AND TURNED IN THE ALARM!

IT WAS HAPPY CLYDE WHO BROKE INTO THE SAFE! I TRIED TO STOP HIM! HE GOT AWAY--OUT THE SIDE DOOR!



"I DESCRIBED WHAT HAPPENED"

CLYDE'S SO WELL KNOWN... DOESN'T SEEM LIKELY... BUT WE'LL QUESTION HIM!

EVERY WORD I TOLD YOU IS THE TRUTH!



"--CLYDE WAS LOCATED AT THE CIRCLE HOTEL."

I'VE BEEN HERE ALL EVENING WITH SLATE, MY PROMOTER. WE'VE BEEN SETTLING DETAILS ON MY NEXT FIGHT! JORDAN MUST BE OUT OF HIS MIND!

SURE--HAPP'S BEEN HERE EVERY MINUTE. ASK LOUIE, THE WAITER!

I'LL CHECK!

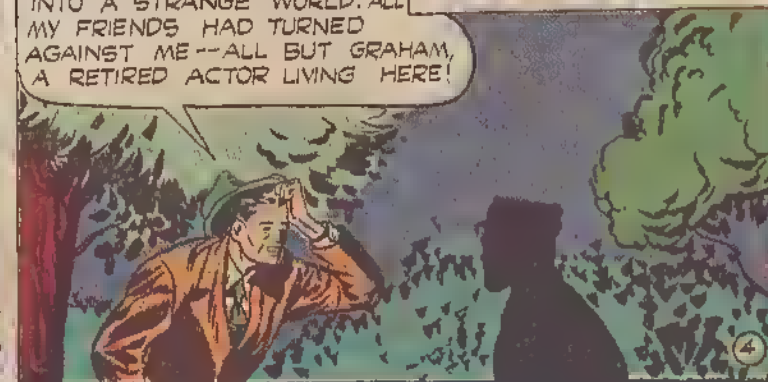


CLYDE AND SLATE BEEN SITTING AT THE COUNTER TALKING TOGETHER ALL EVENING.

I THOUGHT JORDAN'S STORY SOUNDED FARFETCHED!



I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! HAPPY MUST HAVE BOUGHT UP SLATE AND LOUIE.... I GOT 5 YEARS IN THE STATE PEN... A MONTH AGO I CAME OUT-- INTO A STRANGE WORLD. ALL MY FRIENDS HAD TURNED AGAINST ME--ALL BUT GRAHAM, A RETIRED ACTOR LIVING HERE!



I WAS HOPING FOR A COME-BACK. AS YOU KNOW, CLYDE'S NOW LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMP. I WANTED TO GET A PUNCH AT HIM--TAKE AWAY HIS TITLE.... MAYBE EVEN BREAK HIM DOWN TO A CONFESSION. --BUT I'M THROUGH--

NO. WITH FRESH FOOD, SUNSHINE, TRAINING, YOU'LL BE RIGHT

BACK IN THE GROOVE!



WHERE'LL I GET ALL THAT? I'M BROKE... I WAS HOPING TO WIN SOME MONEY ON TONIGHT'S FIGHT-- I HAVE TO GET A JOB-- THERE. WON'T BE TIME TO TRAIN!

DAN, DIDN'T COLONEL TILGHMAN SAY WE NEED A NEW CARE-TAKER AT DAUNTON?



YES! GOSH. THAT WOULD BE JUST THE JOB!

YOU'D LIVE RIGHT ON THE GROUNDS, MICKEY, AND HAVE PLENTY OF TIME FOR YOURSELF. YOU COULD RIG UP A LITTLE TRAINING CAMP.

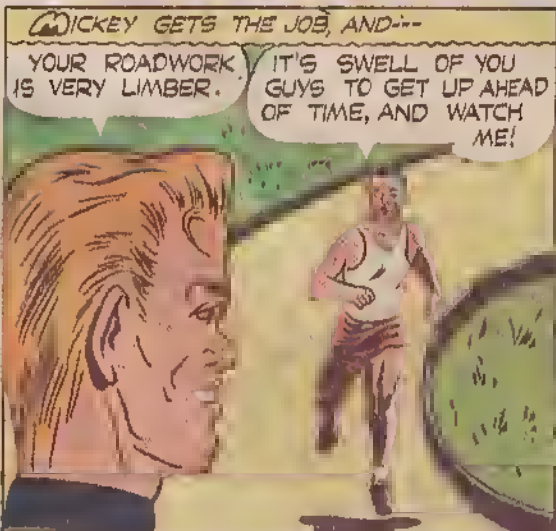
LEAD ME TO IT!



MICKEY GETS THE JOB, AND--

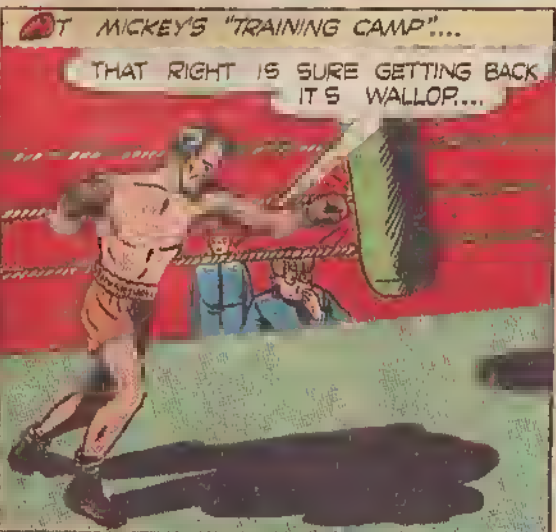
YOUR ROADWORK IS VERY LIMBER.

IT'S SWELL OF YOU GUYS TO GET UP AHEAD OF TIME, AND WATCH ME!



NOT MICKEY'S "TRAINING CAMP"....

THAT RIGHT IS SURE GETTING BACK ITS WALLOR...

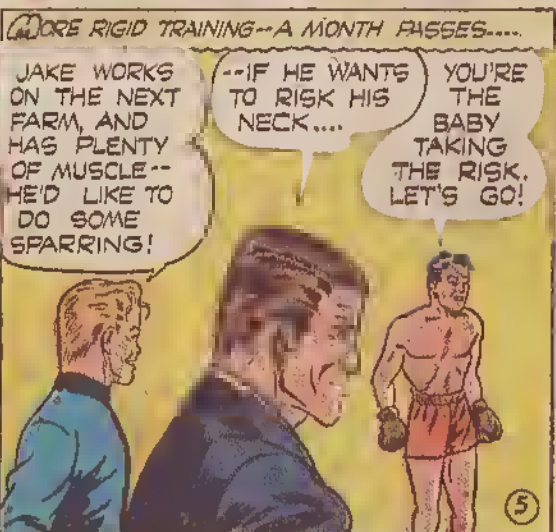


MORE RIGID TRAINING-- A MONTH PASSES....

JAKE WORKS ON THE NEXT FARM, AND HAS PLENTY OF MUSCLE-- HE'D LIKE TO DO SOME SPARRING!

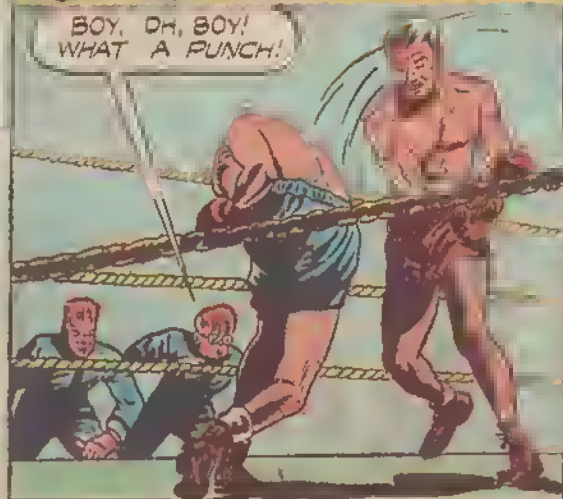
--IF HE WANTS TO RISK HIS NECK....

YOU'RE THE BABY TAKING THE RISK. LET'S GO!



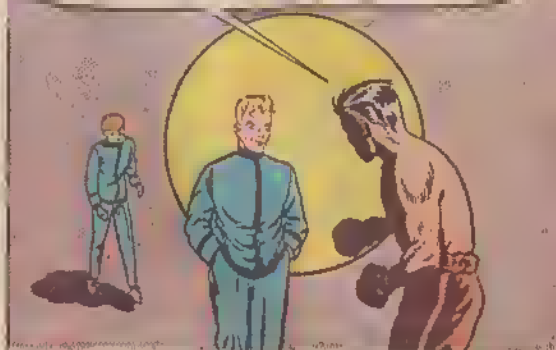
THE FIRST ROUND!

BOY, OH, BOY!
WHAT A PUNCH!



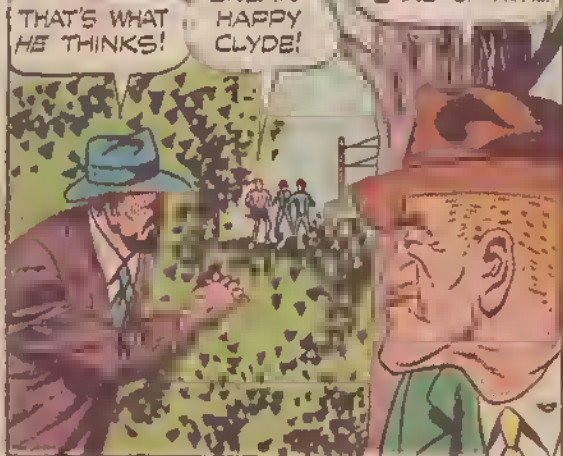
ANOTHER 2 WEEKS, AND...

I'VE BEEN TALKING TO TI GRAHAM, IN
CENTRAL CITY. HE'S SEEING A PRO-
MOTER. I'LL GET A FIGHT SOON, AND
THAT'S THE BEGINNING.... WATCH
ME TAKE THE TITLE FROM CLYDE...

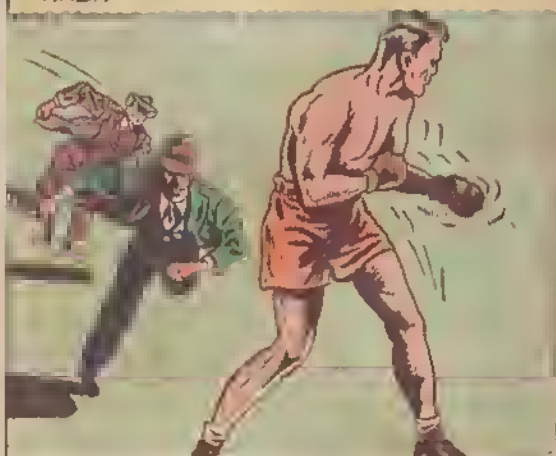


...AND I'LL BREAK
HIM DOWN-- I'LL
BREAK
THAT'S WHAT
HE THINKS!

YEAH, WE GOT
TO TAKE
CARE OF HIM...

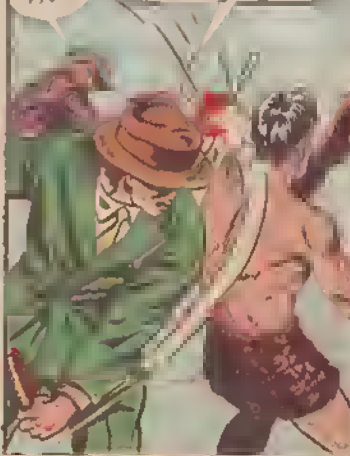


BUT DAN AND LEAVE FOR A CLASS, AND
MICKEY BEGINS SOME SHADOW BOXING,
WHEN---



THAT
DID
IT!

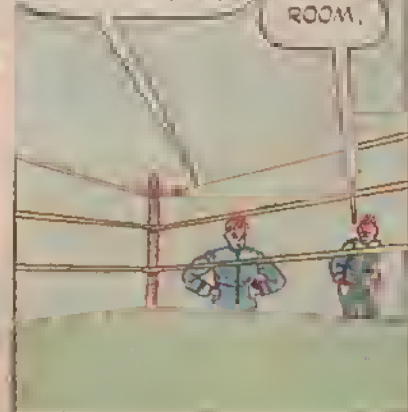
WE'LL GET HIM
INTO THE CAR...



WHEN THE CADETS RETURN--

WHERE'S MICKEY?
HE SAID HE'D BE
HERE-- MICKEY!

MAYBE
HE'S IN
HIS
ROOM.



AFTER A SEARCH...

YOU
SAY
JORDAN'S
DISAPPEARED!

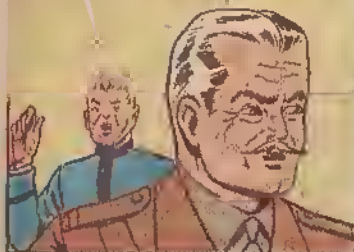
YES--
WE'VE
LOOKED
EVERY-
WHERE!

COLONEL
TILGH-
MAN!
SOME-
THING
TERRIBLE
HAS
HAPPENED!



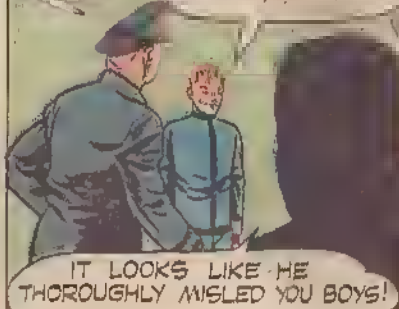
THE SCHOOL SAFE'S BEEN BROKEN INTO! WE FOUND IT OPEN--ALL THE MONEY'S GONE.

GREAT SCOTT! THAT SAFE CONTAINED \$500!...I'LL NOTIFY THE POLICE AT ONCE!



THE POLICE ADD "2 AND 2".... THE ROBBERY AND JORDAN'S DISAPPEARANCE FIT. FIVE YEARS AGO HE ROBBED A SAFE!

THAT WAS A FRAME-UP. WE TOLD YOU MICKEY'S STORY, COLONEL.



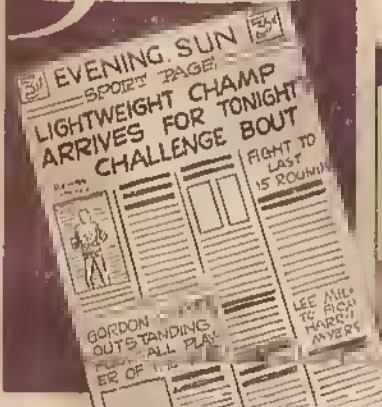
IT LOOKS LIKE HE THOROUGHLY MISLED YOU BOYS!

CERTAIN THAT JORDAN STOLE THE MONEY AND RAN OUT, THE POLICE CONCENTRATE ON A SEARCH FOR HIM,--MEANWHILE....

WE'VE GOT TO FIND MICKEY AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED. THE POLICE WILL NEVER BELIEVE HIM NOW... BUT WHERE? HOW?

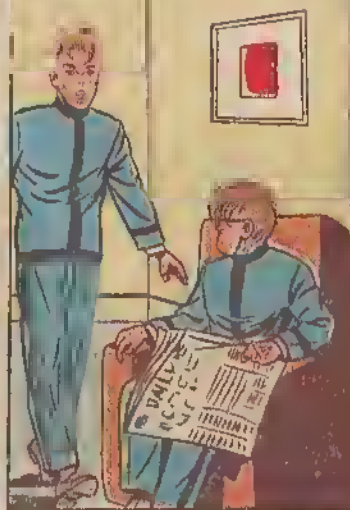
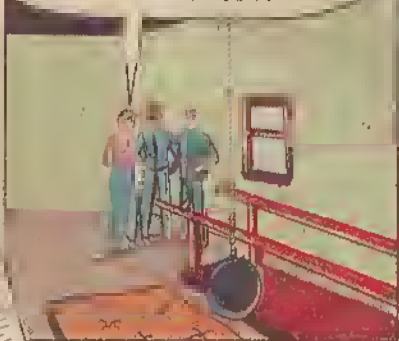
KIT, LOOK! HAPPY CLYDE'S IN CENTRAL CITY!

SO HAPPY CLYDE'S ON THE SCENE....MAYBE THAT ACCOUNTS FOR--- DAN, WE'RE GOING TO CENTRAL CITY TODAY!



THE CADETS FIND CLYDE AT THE CLUB GYM.

SO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE JORDAN IS? HOW DO I KNOW? I DON'T KEEP TRACK OF THAT JAILBIRD! NOW GET OUT!

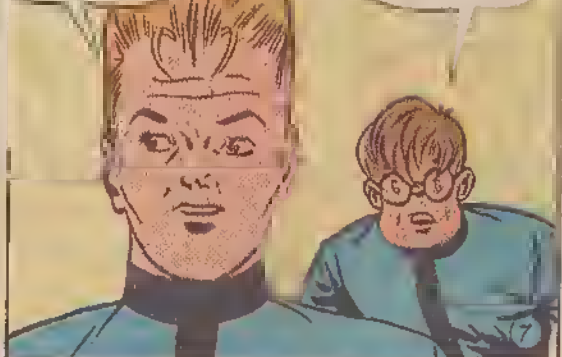
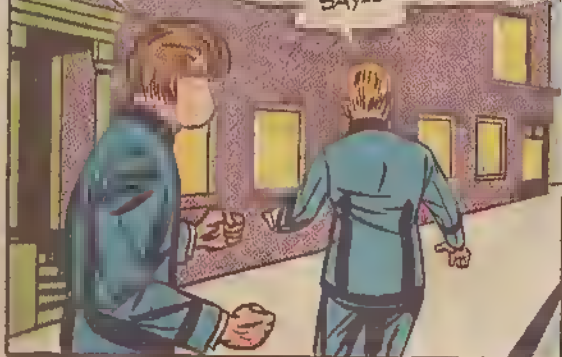


NO USE--WE CAN'T BREAK HIM DOWN--GOSH, I SURE DON'T LIKE HIS LOOKS!

HE HAS A TRICKINESS AND SHREWDNESS THAT MAKE ME FEEL SURE OF HIS GUILT. WE'VE GOT TO BREAK HIM--HMMM-- SAY--

REMEMBER, MICKEY SAID HE HAD A FRIEND HERE, TI GRAHAM, FORMER ACTOR? HE'S OUR ONE CHANCE! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM RIGHT AWAY--I'VE A PLAN....

IT BETTER BE GOOD!



HALF HOUR LATER, AT GRAHAM'S HOME...

IT'S A 50-50 SHOT, BOYS, BUT WORTH THE TRY TO SAVE MICKEY. THAT POOR CHAP'S HAD TOO MUCH TOUGH LUCK!

YOU'RE A REAL FRIEND, MR. GRAHAM!



WHAT NIGHT---

WELL, SLATE, WHICH ROUND SHOULD I KNOCK HIM OUT IN?

3RD -- GIVE THE CUSTOMERS A LITTLE SOMETHING... WHO'S AT THE DOOR? COME IN--COME IN!



LOUIE--THE WAITER! WE TOLD YOU NEVER TO BE SEEN WITH US!

I HAVE TO TALK TO YOU... I'M SCARED. THE COPS HAILED ME IN THIS AFTER-NOON--GUES-TIONED ME ABOUT THE OLD JORDAN ROBBERY...



THEY'RE ON TO SOME-THING-- THEY'RE CATCHING ON!

HOW CAN THEY--UNLESS YOU'RE FOOL ENOUGH TO BREAK! I PAID YOU AND SLATE OFF TO ALIBI ME-- AND YOU'RE NOT TALKING!

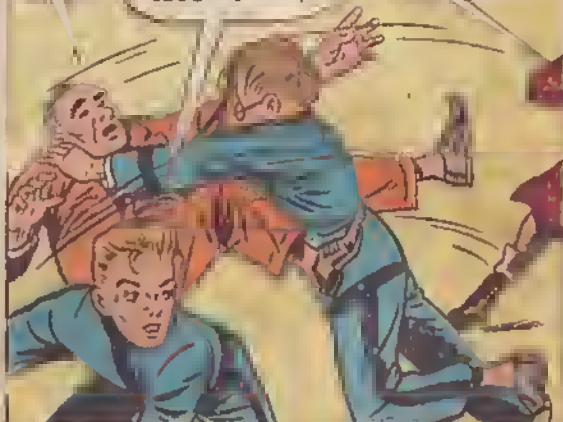
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



THE CADETS! OH!

THE POLICE KNOW EVERY-THING! THEY'RE CLOSING IN!

THEY'RE NOT GETTING ME!



I'M GETTING OUT, AND NO ONE'S STOPPING ME!

LOOK-OUT, DAN!

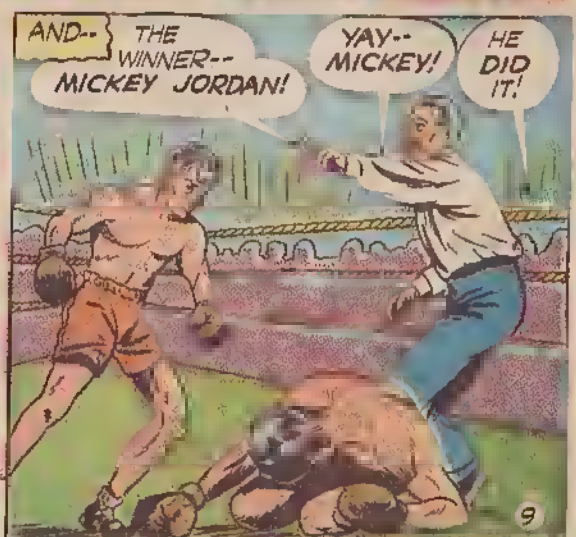
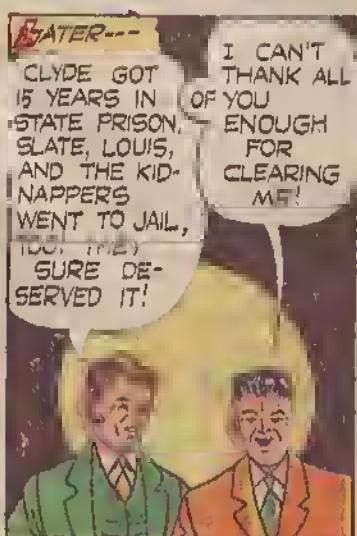
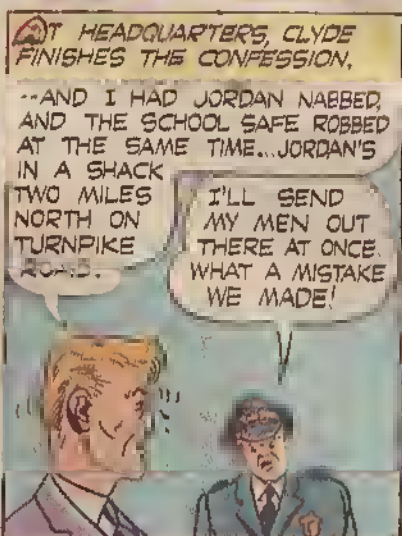
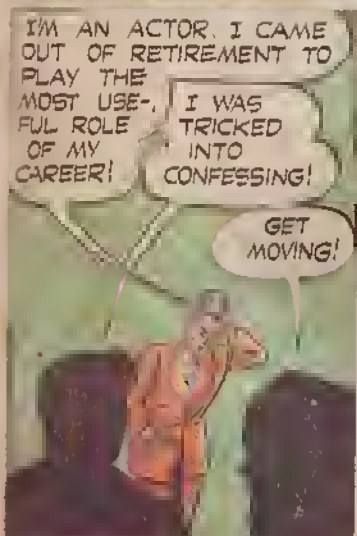
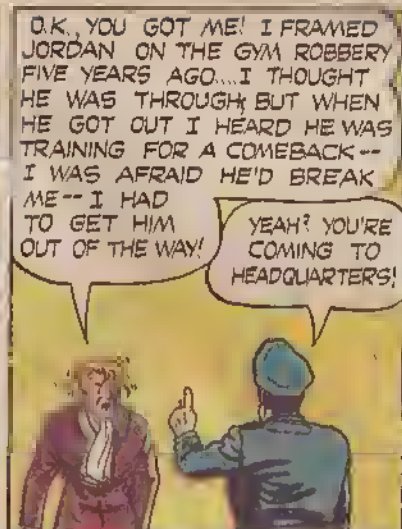
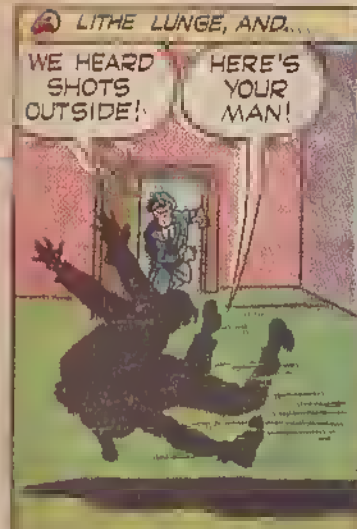
**BANG
BANG**



THE COWARDLY CLYDE RACES OUT, WITH KIT IN PURSUIT!

I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM.





VOLTO FROM MARS

VOLTO UNLEASHES HIS MAGNETIC POWERS TO HELP JIMMY AND INTELLIGENCE AGENTS CAPTURE A DASTARDLY SPY RING...

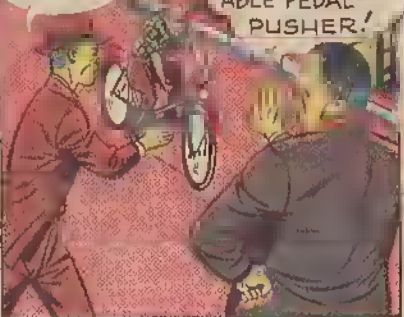


JIMMY, VOLUNTEER VACATION-TIME MESSENGER, PEDALS "RUSH" TELEGRAM TO MUNITIONS PLANT..

HO! WHERE IS MESSENGER GOING, PLEASE?

CAN'T STOP NOW!

SO? CANNOT STOP? WELL, WE WILL ARRANGE SLIGHT DELAY FOR HONORABLE PEDAL-PUSHER!



AND SOON, NEARBY IN A DESERTED BUILDING...

YI! WE HAVE DECODED INFORMATION OUR EMPEROR WAITS FOR!

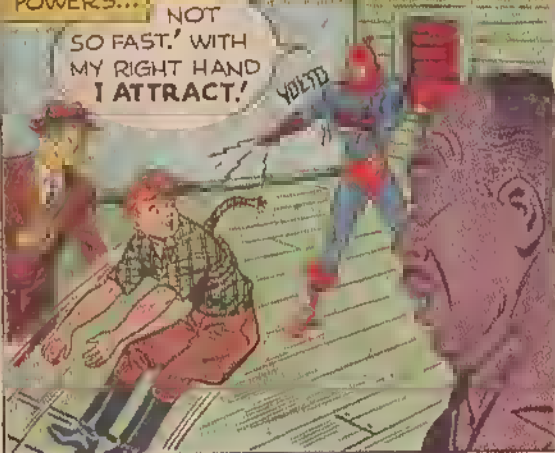
OKAY! WE LEAVE! BUT FIRST, LET US CUT ROPE-SEND MESSENGER TO JOIN HIS ANCESTORS!



SUDDENLY... BEHIND THE TREACHEROUS JAPS, VOLTO APPEARS... CALLS UPON HIS MAGNETIC POWERS...

NOT SO FAST! WITH MY RIGHT HAND I ATTRACT!

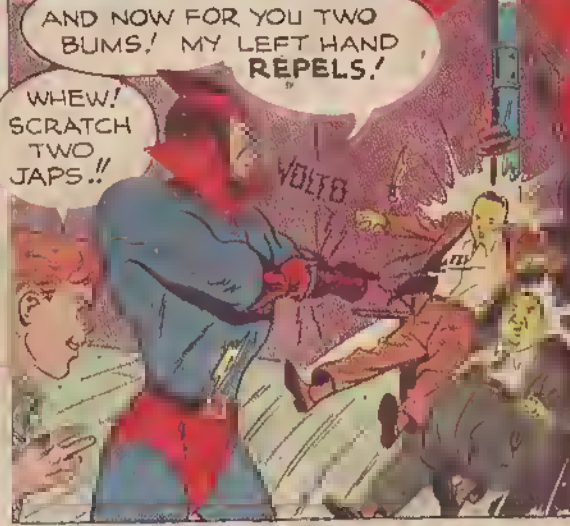
VOLTO



AND NOW FOR YOU TWO BUMS! MY LEFT HAND REPELS!

WHEW! SCRATCH TWO JAPS!!

VOLTO



WHEN THE G-MEN TAKE OVER, VOLTO AND JIMMY PROCEED TO THE PLANT...

FINE WORK, VOLTO! AND YOU, TOO, JIMMY! I CAN'T GIVE YOU A MEDAL, BUT...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. JUST GIVE ME SOME WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL INSTEAD, SO I CAN RECHARGE MY MAGNETIC POWERS.



THAT'S EASY! WE KEEP THE WORLD'S BEST-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL RIGHT HERE AT THE PLANT... GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

MAN! THAT'S THE FINEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH!

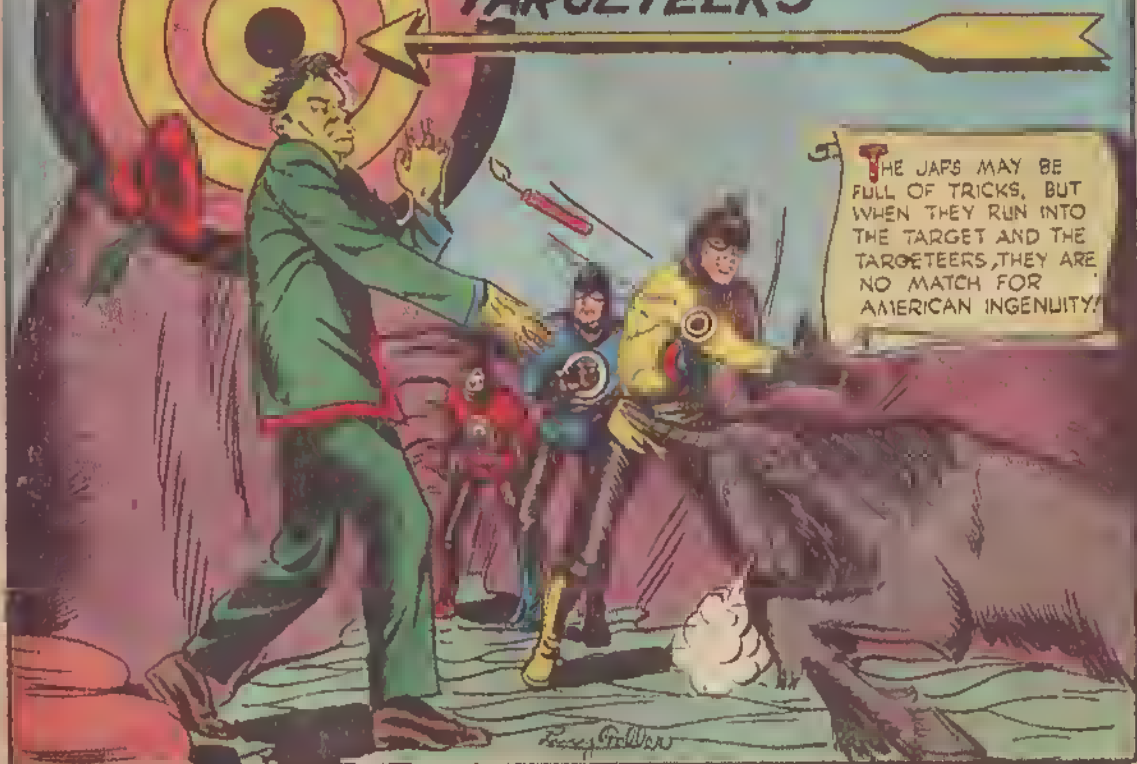


NOT JUST ON EARTH, VOLTO- GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES IS THE SWELLEST TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL IN THE WHOLE GOSH-DARN UNIVERSE!



THE TARGET

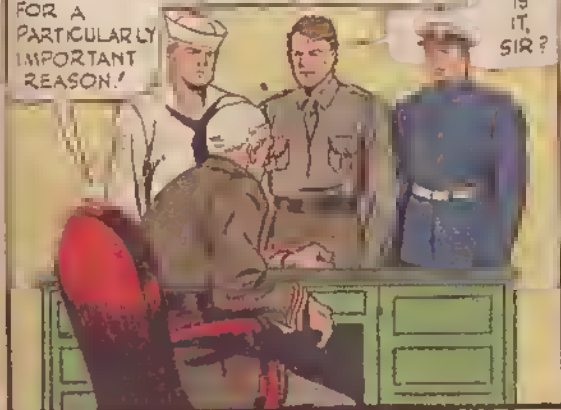
AND THE
TARGETEERS



NILES, DAVE AND TOMMY ARE BACK AT A PACIFIC COAST G-2 UNIT!

MR. REED, YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WERE RECALLED TO THE UNITED STATES FOR A PARTICULARLY IMPORTANT REASON!

WHAT IS IT, SIR?

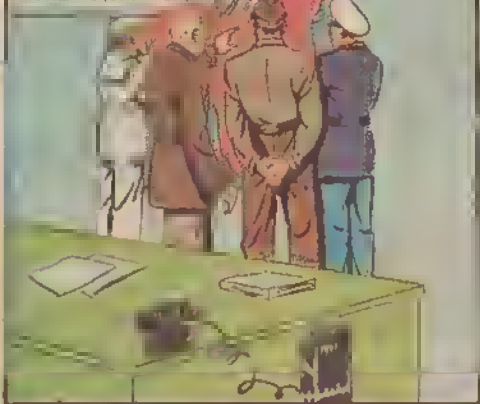


WE ARE PUZZLED! JAP SPIES HAVE FOUND A WAY TO GET OUT OF THIS COUNTRY AS SOON AS WE DISCOVER THEM!



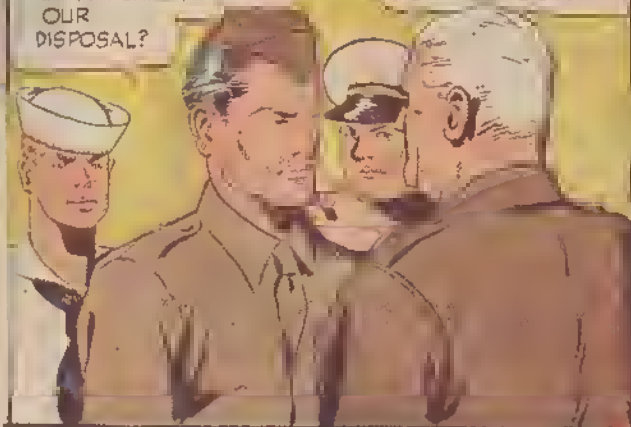
GOOD MARKS WILL COUNT WHEN THE WAR IS WON
FOR THERE'LL BE PROOF OF A JOB WELL DONE

WE SUSPECT THAT THEY LEAVE BY AIR!
IN ALL CASES THE SUSPECTS WERE
TRACED TO THIS AREA! -- AFTER THAT
THEY DISAPPEAR!

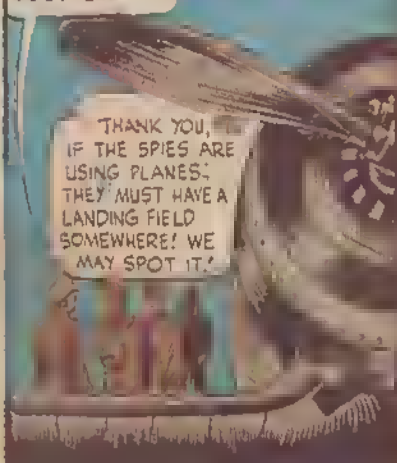


WE'D LIKE TO TACKLE THIS
PROBLEM! WILL YOU
PUT A PLANE AT
OUR
DISPOSAL?

GOOD! I KNEW
I COULD COUNT
ON YOU BOYS!



LATER, AT THE AIRFIELD ---
GOOD LUCK--



THE TARGET FLIES OVER
THE SUSPECTED AREA!



LOOK FOR ANYTHING
SUSPICIOUS!



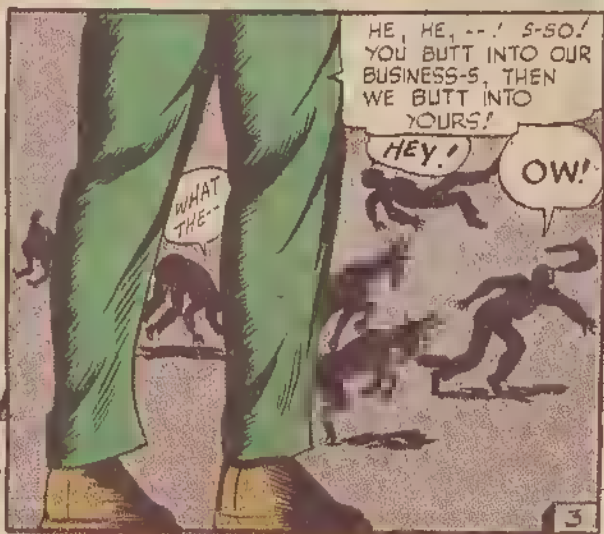
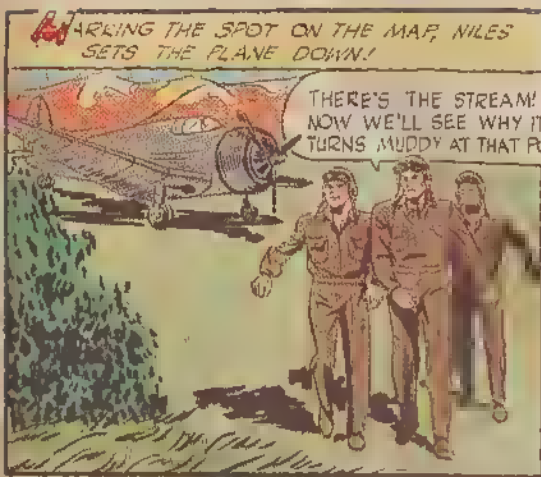
SAY, NILES,
LOOK BELOW--
AT THE STREAM!



WHY SHOULD IT
GET MUDDY AT
THAT POINT?

LET'S FIND
OUT!





LETTING
GOATS GET
THE BEST
OF US!

WE'RE
THE
GOATS!

AT A SIGN FROM THE GOATHERD, THE GOATS
FORM A CIRCLE AROUND THE AIEN!

YOU ARE MY
PRISONERS NOW!
FOLLOW----

SS-SO YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHY WATER GETS-S MUDDY---

AMERICANS
SS-SEE FOR
SS-SELVES-SS!

HE'S
A
JAP!

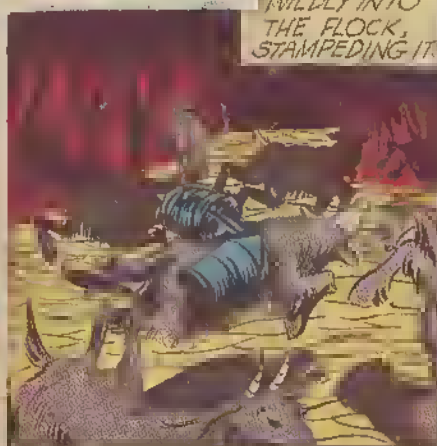
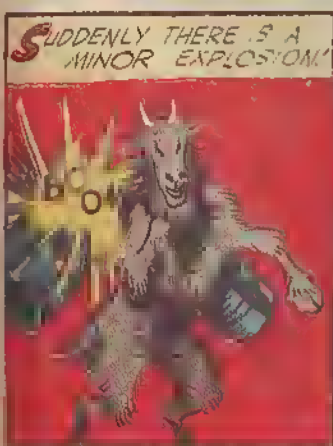
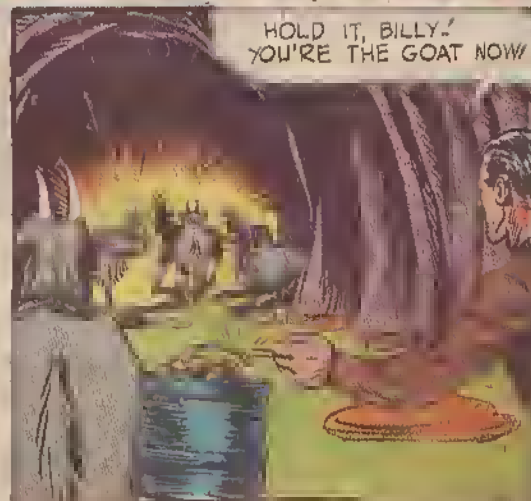
YES, AND THAT'S AN
UNDERGROUND
HANGAR!

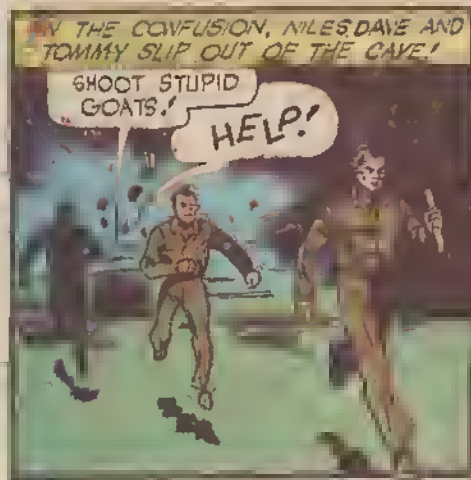
TWO JAPS RUSH OUT TO MEET
THE AIEN!

HONORABLE SIKI BRINGS
MORE LABOR!

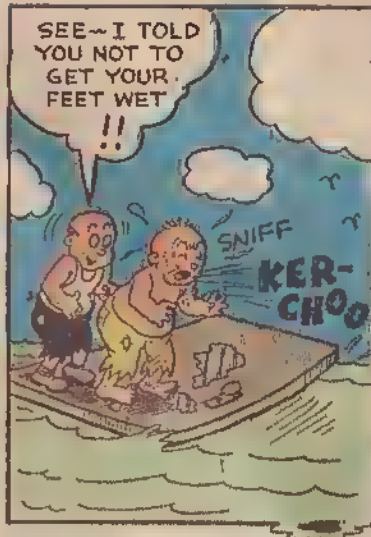
IS-SS GOOD! WE ARE MAKING
THIS CAVE LARGER! WE NEED
MORE LABOR! AMERICANS
CAN WORK FOR US!

LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE
ELECTED!





WAR BONDS ARE OUR BEST INSURANCE
THEY'LL PUT AN END TO JAP ENDURANCE



TRICKY MATCHBOX

Place it on the back of your hand and say the Magic Word and Lo and behold

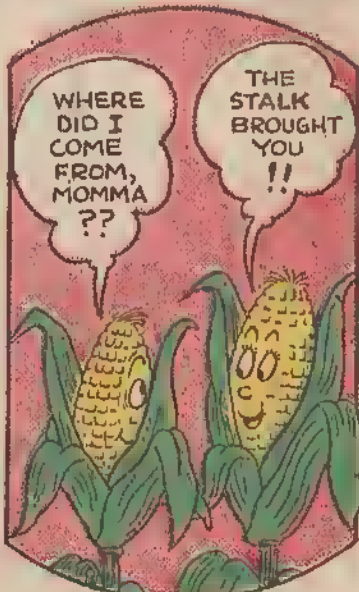
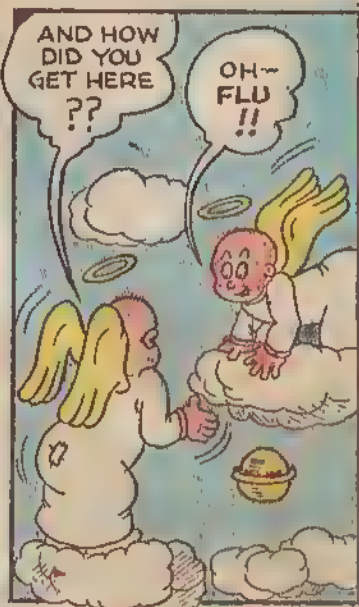
IT TURNS COMPLETELY AROUND!

IT STANDS! IT OPENS!

A magical sensation. Complete with Easy to do directions, 25¢ postpaid.

THE MAGICIAN,

MC-2463 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



BUY EVERY BOND YOU CAN AFFORD
EACH ONE IS LIKE A MIGHTY SWORD

CANDID

CHARLIE

BY
B. Gordon Guth

CHARLIE AND MERKIN
BOARD A CLIPPER PLANE,
AS THEY START ON THEIR
TRIP TO CUBA AND SOUTH
AMERICA TO DO A LITTLE
PHOTOGRAPHING. ACTUALLY
THEIR MISSION IS TO FIND
OUT HOW THE PEOPLE OF
THESE COUNTRIES FEEL
TOWARD THE UNITED
STATES.

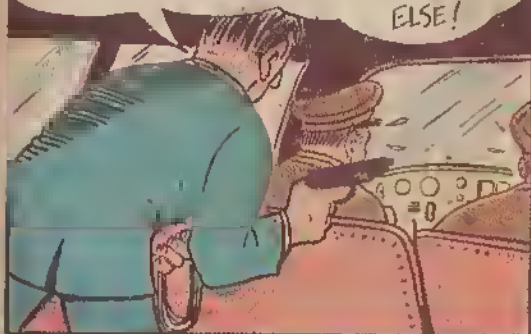
NOW, LET'S LISTEN IN ON A LITTLE
CONVERSATION BETWEEN A COUPLE OF
PASSENGERS.

O.K., IT'S TIME TO
GO TO WORK. YOU
TAKE THE PILOTS.
I'LL HANDLE THE
PASSENGERS.

AND SO THEY'RE OFF ON A TRIP
WHICH PROMISES TO TAKE THE BOYS
INTO SOME INTERESTING ADVENTURES.

BEFORE ANY OF THE PASSENGERS ARE AWARE ANYTHING IS WRONG, THINGS START HAPPENING.

O.K., YOU GUYS. LOWER THIS PLANE. I'VE GOT YA COVERED! DO AS I SAY, OR ELSE!



AS THE PILOT RELUCTANTLY FOLLOWS ORDERS, THE OTHER THUG TAKES CARE OF THE PASSENGERS.

NOW JUST SIT TIGHT, AND NOBODY WILL GET HURT.



AFTER TYING UP THE PILOTS, THE OTHER ONE QUICKLY GOES INTO THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT.

ALL I GOTTA DO NOW, IS GET THAT BAG.



GEE! THEY'RE BOTH ALIKE! NOW, WHICH ONE IS IT?

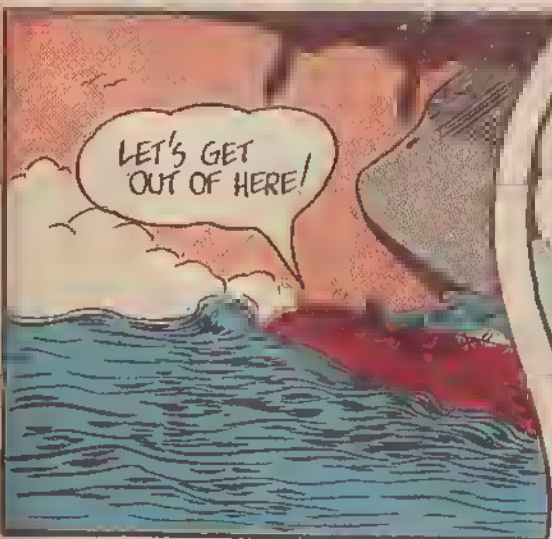


COME ON, HURRY UP. THE MOTOR BOAT IS HERE TO PICK US UP--- AND THE OCEAN IS GETTING ROUGH.

BUT---



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



THE PILOTS ARE QUICKLY UNTIED ---

HELLO, 524 CALLING. HAVE BEEN HELD UP BY ARMED MEN. ALL PASSENGERS SAFE. NO MONEY TAKEN--WILL INVESTIGATE. MEN GOT AWAY IN SPEEDBOAT-- PROCEEDING TO AIRPORT.



AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

OH! --- MY JEWELS-MY JEWELS !!



THE EXCITED PASSENGER QUICKLY RUSHES TO THE BAGGAGE ROOM -

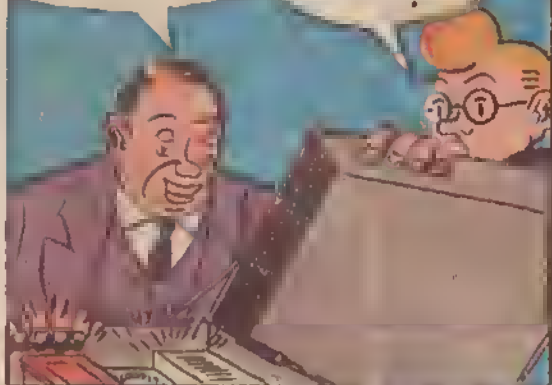
S' FUNNY! HE'S HEADING TOWARDS MY VALISE.

MY BAG! IT'S SAFE!



MY JEWELS! THANK HEAVEN THEY WEREN'T TOUCHED.

BUT-- MY BAG IT LOOKED JUST LIKE THAT! IT'S GONE!



NOW I SEE IT ALL! THOSE FELLOWS WERE JEWEL THIEVES. THEY MUST HAVE FOUND OUT THAT I WAS CARRYING FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF JEWELRY TO A CLIENT OF MINE IN CUBA. FORTUNATELY, I WAS CARRYING THE STUFF IN A SIMPLE BAG AND THEY TOOK YOURS, WHICH LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE MINE, BY MISTAKE. ALLOW ME TO REPAY YOU FOR YOUR LOSS.



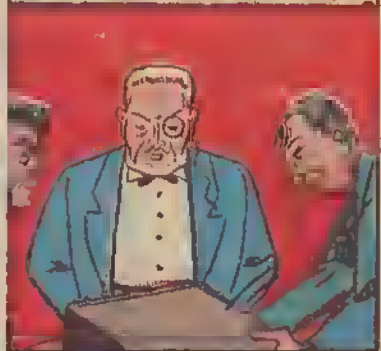
OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO A YACHT A FEW MILES AWAY.

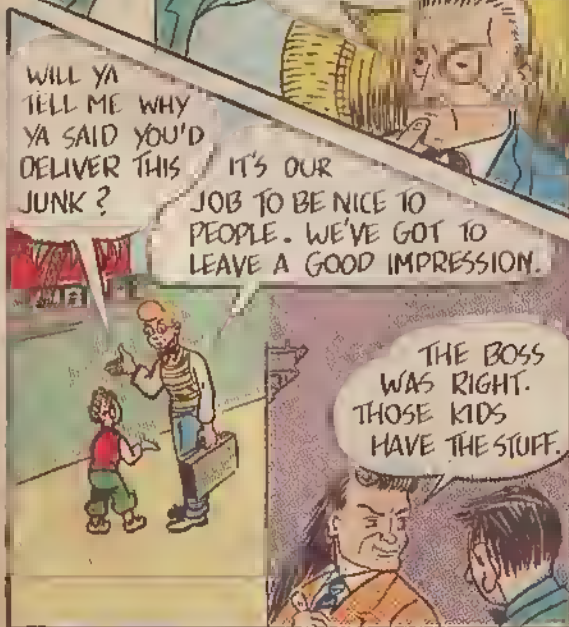
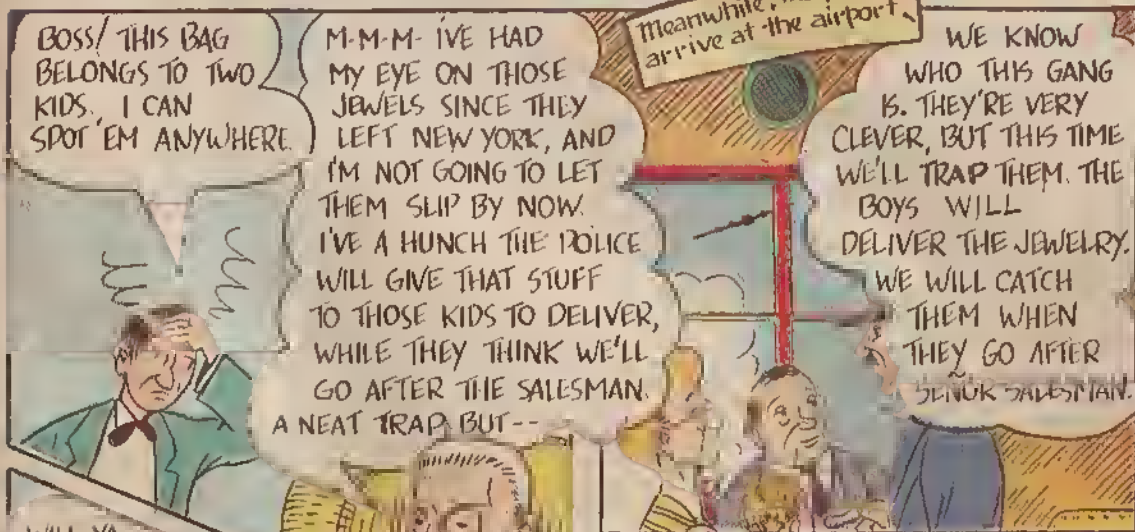
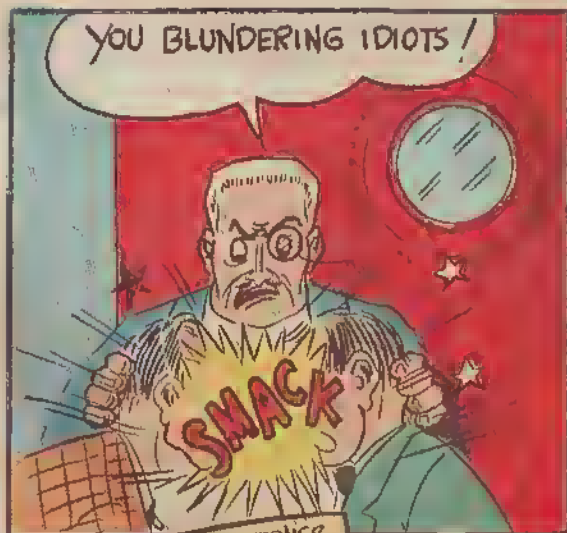
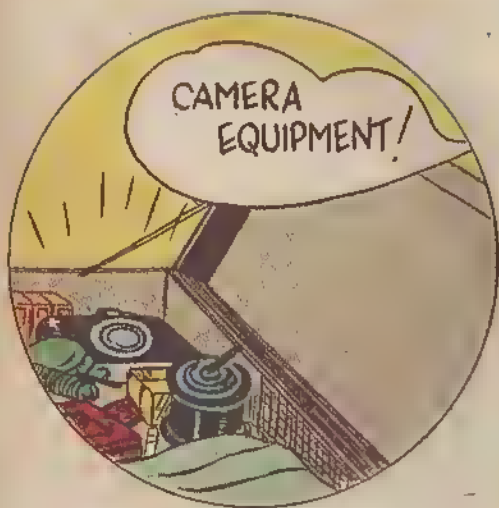


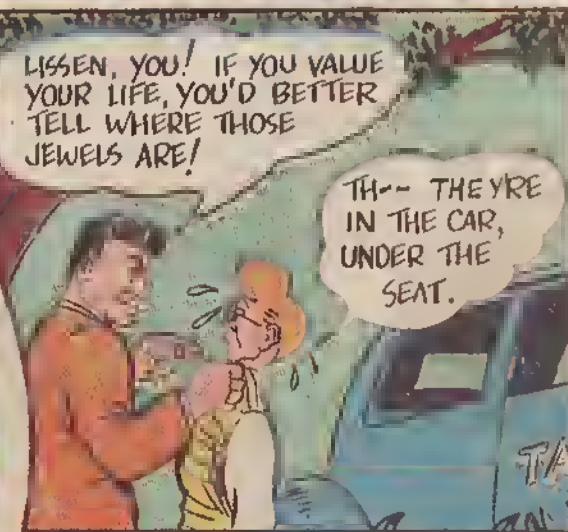
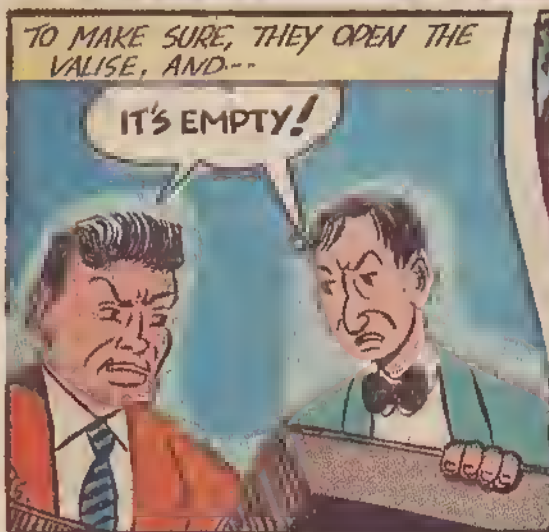
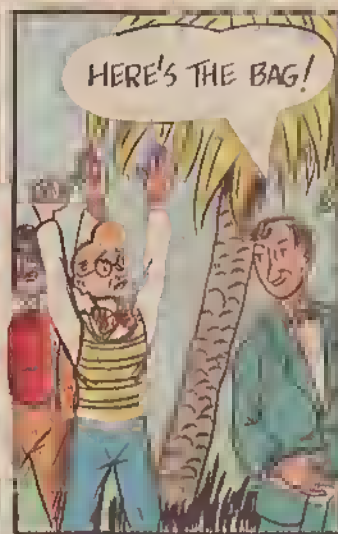
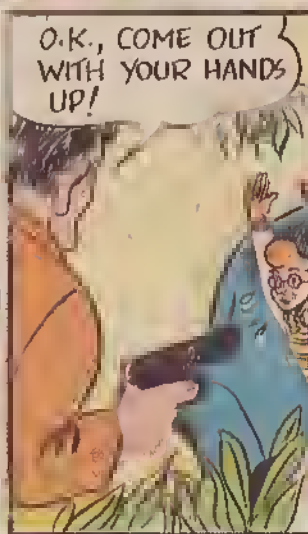
HERE IT IS, BOSS!



EAGERLY, THEY WAIT FOR THE BAG TO BE OPENED!

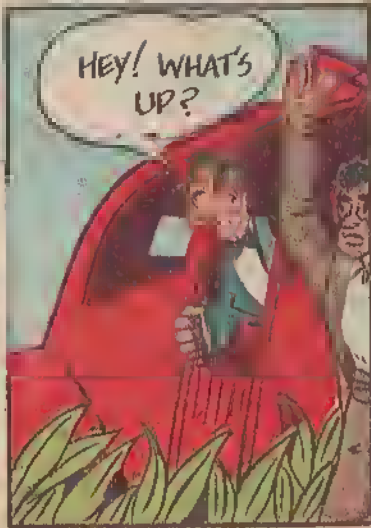
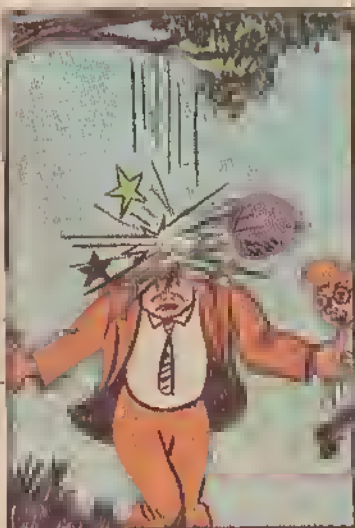






WHILE ALL THIS HAS BEEN GOING ON, LET'S SEE WHAT MERKIN IS UP TO.

IT'S LUCKY I WASN'T HOTT. I'M GONNA FIX DEM GUYS!



AFTER THE BOYS HAVE DELIVERED THE GANGSTERS TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

YOU AMERICANS, YOU ARE WONDERFUL! THEY HAVE TOLD US WHO THEIR LEADER EES, AND FOR THIS, THERE EES A REWARD!

WOW! DEY SURE ARE EXCITABLE PEOPLE!

NOW, THAT'S HOW DO YA MEAN TO WE CREATE GOOD WILL!

WE HAVE TA GET OURSELVES NEARLY KILLED EVERYTIME, TO DO IT?

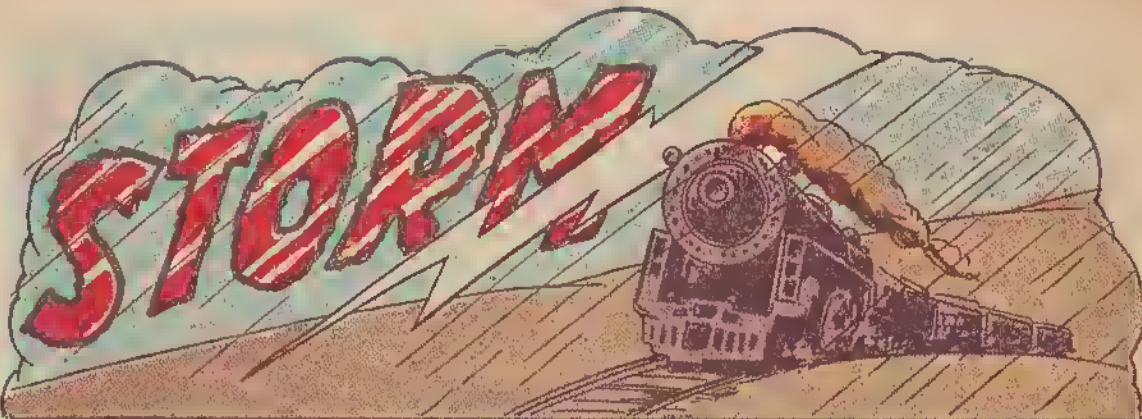
CHARLIE GIVES THE CAB DRIVER THE REWARD MONEY

IT WAS REALLY THE SENIOR, BECAUSE OF HE IS KIND. YOU THAT PLEESE, YOU WE GOT TAKE THEES THIS. RING. IF YOU ARE IN TROUBLE SHOW IT TO A SPANIARD. HE WILL HELP YOU. HIS YOURS.

BUT, I'M JUST HERE TO TAKE PICTURES. I DONT EXPECT TO GET INTO TROUBLE!

YOU TAKE ANYWAY, PLEESE!

LITTLE DOES CHARLIE KNOW HOW MUCH THAT RING IS GOING TO MEAN-



By WILLIAM F. HAYWOOD

OVERHEAD the night sky was the gray of molten lead, a melting pot which poured forth its liquid content, metallic in color as it fell in long, slanting sheets before the wind. The trees bent under their sodden load, and cried pitifully in the wind that blew through them. The heavens were rent by a vivid streak of lightning that brought color to the black scene. The earth shook with the rumble of distant thunder that rolled and echoed among the hills.

Five men waited silently in the squat log cabin, listening. There were a thousand sounds inside and out, as the storm beat about the logs, but they were listening for some other sound. Down in the valley, the river waters were swollen with a brown flood from the hills, rushing through the gorge and around the piers of the bridge, recently finished.

These men had been inspecting and testing the rails on the bridge for the railroad when the storm broke. They expected the train that was to be first to cross the bridge to arrive before dawn.

Tod Madison was the youngest of the crew. He had come to replace one of their

number, who had been killed while fixing rails. Even in the tension of this hour, he could sense their unwillingness to include him as one of the group. Loyal crews did not like the new men who came to replace their comrades, and Tod was more than a stranger, he was a youngster, and new at this job. He had tried his best to keep up with the crew, and still had not found any friendliness in them.

Throughout the night the storm had blasted away at the bridge, and the rushing waves had pulled at the piers with a terrible force. The fury of the storm was increasing toward dawn, and now the roar of the river drowned out the noises outside. In the warmth of the cabin the men were nervous as they alternated between watching the clock, pacing restlessly about the room and tapping nervously on the floor or against the table. Tod sat on his bunk, his feet swinging in time to the clock.

Suddenly from the valley there came a crash that echoed hollowly among the hills. A sinister swish that followed seemed to confirm the worst fears of the men. The leader turned to his fellows and be-

gan to button his coat about him.

"You stay here. I'm going to see what has happened." Seizing a lantern, he flung open the door and plunged through the driving rain toward the bridge. The young boy glanced quickly at the other men. The four remaining stared at each other helplessly. Tod tried to look through the window that faced the river. It was steamed on the inside and even when he had wiped it off he could not see a thing.

"Don't you think we should see if we can help?" Tod suggested.

The men turned on him sullenly and one snarled, "When we're needed we'll be called."

"But in this storm—" Tod persisted, but his sentence was cut short.

"You heard what he said!" another of the men explained harshly.

As the minutes passed they became more and more nervous. Anxiously they strained their ears to detect any sound above the fury of the storm and at last they were rewarded. From far down the valley shrilled the warning whistle of the train. They could wait no longer. All four scrambled into their heavy coats, pulled

on their hats and started down to the bridge.

As Tod burst out into the night the rain bounded down upon him, rattling the hat and soaking into his coat. It was cold and he ran to urge the circulation of his blood. His hands were chilled in a minute and his breath spurted in brief clouds in the frosty air.

A terrible shock awaited them as they came to the bridge. The span of rock and wood had been washed away by the water, leaving the rails dangling precariously over the brownish foam, held together only by the strength of the bolts and ties. At the southern end of the sagging rails they could barely distinguish a gleaming red pinpoint of light. Their leader had managed to get across and put up a warning for the oncoming train. A flash of lightning showed him about to start back across the rails and then a wall of rain shut him off from the others. Interminably they waited for another flash. They crept forward and gathered close about the spot where the bridge had been. They could feel the earth bulge where the hanging rails swung under the man's weight and the force of the elements. And then a faint cry reached them as the wind lulled for a moment. A flash of lightning again briefly illuminated the scene.

The man clung with both hands to the rails, his feet dangling in the river. Apparently he had slipped in the darkness and was now being slowly drawn down to the

water. Not long could he hold out against the torrent.

Then Tod darted out over the narrow web. He sprang from one tie to the next until he was several yards out. He slipped and fell sprawling upon the tracks. Desperately he fought for a hold and waited there a few seconds while he tried to breathe more easily. The rain beat down upon his body with a steady muffled roar and dripped in long drops from the edges of the rails. Then he pulled himself over the wet metal nearer to the center of the span. He brushed against something on the rails. Feverishly he grabbed at the man's hands and locking his feet around a tie, he leaned far over the edge.

Their combined weight brought them almost under the water and now they could feel the rails giving slowly as the tracks became submerged. Tod reached down and grasped the other's collar with one hand and then the other. With what strength he could muster he tugged and gradually drew him to the top. Breathing heavily, they both clung to the rails, staring down at the chaotic water that fled beneath them. They were soaked by the crest of each plunging wave but now the wind and rain had lessened and the storm was slowly wearing itself out.

As dawn broke dimly through the clouds and the blackness slowly grayed, Tod looked at his companion. The man had lost consciousness, and with a shock Tod thought of the seeming miles he must

haul this inept burden back to the safety of the northern and nearer shore, and quickly, for the tracks sagged more heavily with each fresh onslaught from the water.

The clouds rolled back on invisible curtain strings and the splash of the rain on the water ceased. Seizing the man's belt firmly, Tod crept forward, dragging the heavy form slowly behind him. Every foot gained forward was a struggle, every breath a forced action, a painful sucking of the frigid air into straining lungs. A bright ray of light shot out from in back of them as the train pulled up at the southern side of the river. The strong lamp picked out the cross-bars ahead, showed three white faces staring down at them from the goal ahead and distorted the leaping shadows of the rails on the river below.

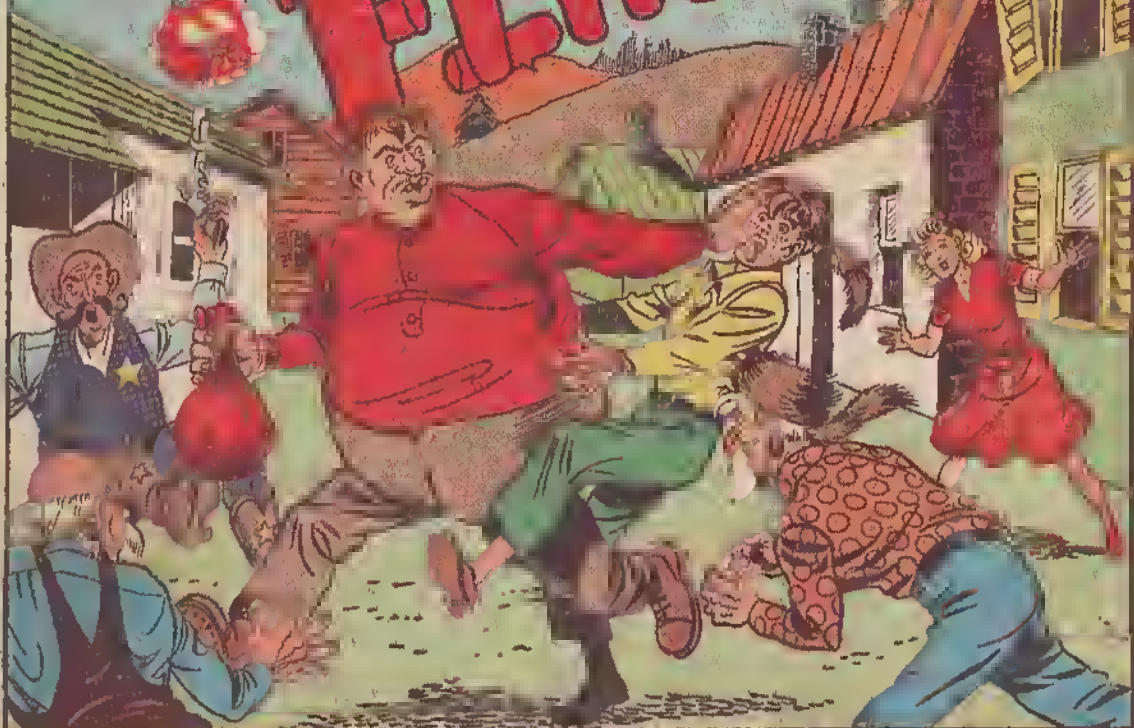
Reddened hands numbly seized the frozen rails, aching limbs hauled at the dead weight of the man, and a wearier head seemed to urge Tod to quit, to drop off and let the racing river carry them away into obscurity.

But he fought against this as he struggled against the river and the lagging of his tired body. Another desperate effort and he would be across. And eventually he got there. Up the last yard of sagging rails he dragged his helpless foreman and sank into the waiting arms of his comrades.

A new crew had been born of these five men, and Tod was at last a part of it.

THE END

DAN'L FLANNEL



ALL WAS CALM, ALL WAS BRIGHT IN HOMESPUN CENTER --- UNTIL DESPERATE DOODLE DARKENED THAT FAIR CITY WITH HIS CRIMINAL SHADOW!

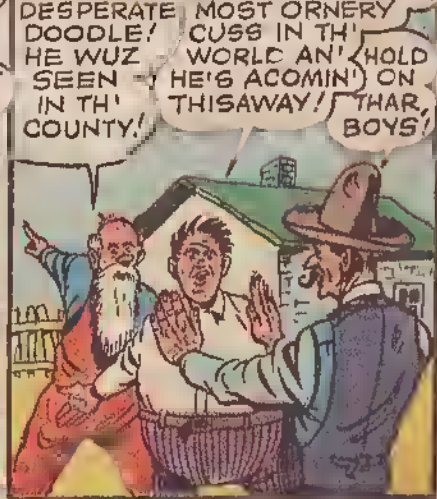
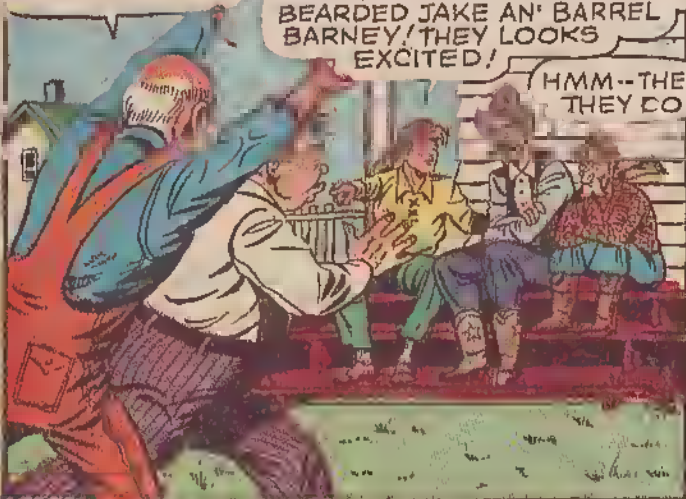
WHUT'S UP ???

LOOK, SHERIFF --- H-YAR COMES BEARDED JAKE AN' BARREL BARNEY! THEY LOOKS EXCITED!

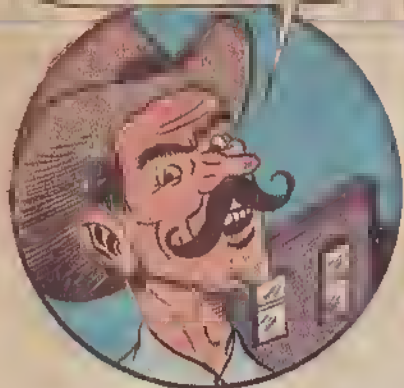
HMM--THET THEY DO!

IT'S DESPERATE DOODLE! HE WUZ SEEN IN TH' COUNTY!

HE'S THE MEANEST MOST ORNERY CUSS IN TH' WORLD AN' HE'S ACOMIN' ON THISAWAY! THAR, BOYS!



DOODLE'S TH' MOST
WANTED MAN IN THESE
H'YAR 'NEWNITED' STATES,
BUT THET DOESN'T
SCAIR ME ONE BIT --



IF'N DESPERATE DOODLE SHOWS
HIS SKULL IN THIS H'YAR TOWN,
AH'LL BLAST HIM WIDE OPEN!

GORSH --
THE SHERIFF'S
A MIGHTY BRAVE
MAN!



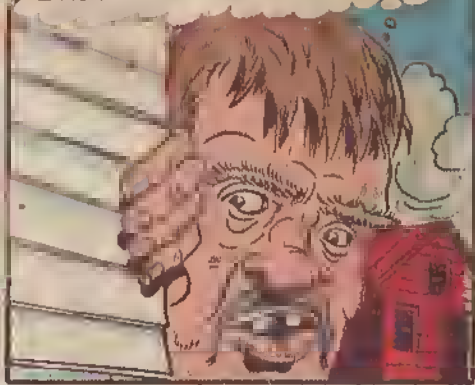
AH'D HATE TO MEET DOODLE!
AH HEARS HE'S EIGHT FEET
TALL AN' BIGGER'N A
GRIZZLY B'AR! (GULP!)

THET DON'T
SOUND LIKE
MORE'N A FAIRY
TALE T' ME!



HOWEVER, AT THAT MOMENT IN
THE SHADOWS OF A NEARBY
BUILDING...

IT DOESN'T, EH?
MEBBE DESPERATE DOODLE
WILL CHANGE YORE SINGIN',
SHERIFF!



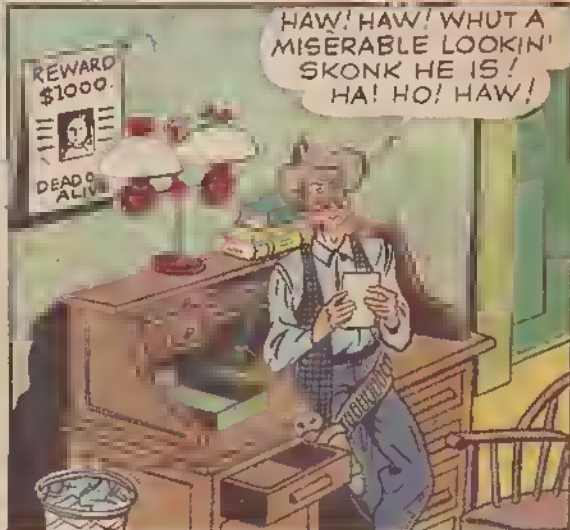
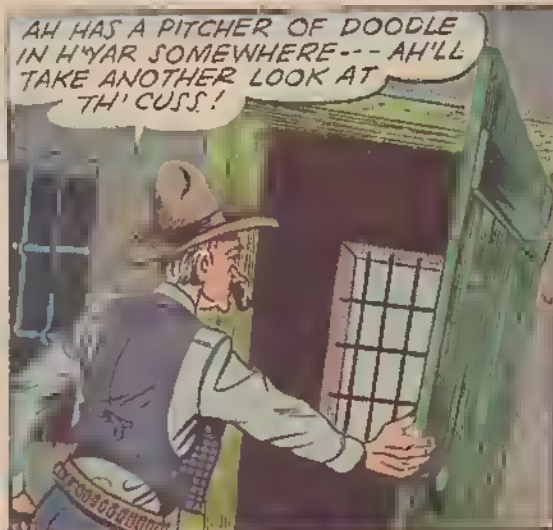
WA'AL, DON'T LET DOODLE
SCARE YO'! IF'N ANY OF
YO' SPOTS HIM -- --
YELL FER ME!

WE
WILL,
SHERIFF!



THAR GOES
TH' SKONK!





ULP!
WHO SAID
THET?



CITY JAIL

WA'AL?

YULP!

THUNDERATION - IT'S DESPERATE DOODLE, HISSELF!

AH JUS SEEN DESPERATE DOODLE! HE'S KIDNAPPED SOMEONE IN FRONT TH' JAIL HOUSE!

WHUT??

(GULP) DOODLE'S RIGHT HYAR IN TOWN!

C'MON! WE'D BETTER GET TH' SHERIFF!

TH' SHERIFF'S NOT H'YAR!

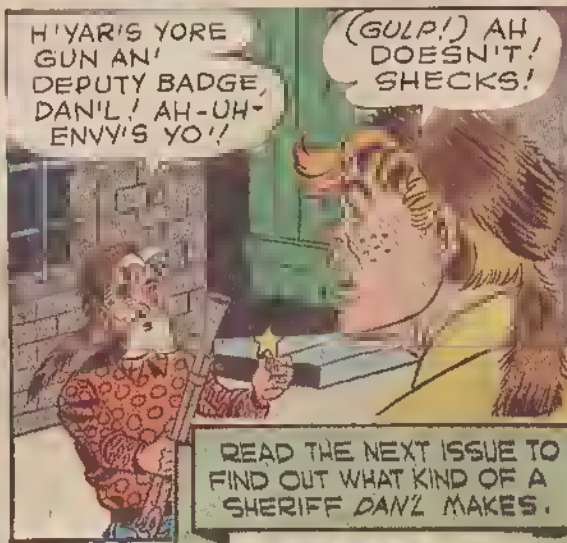
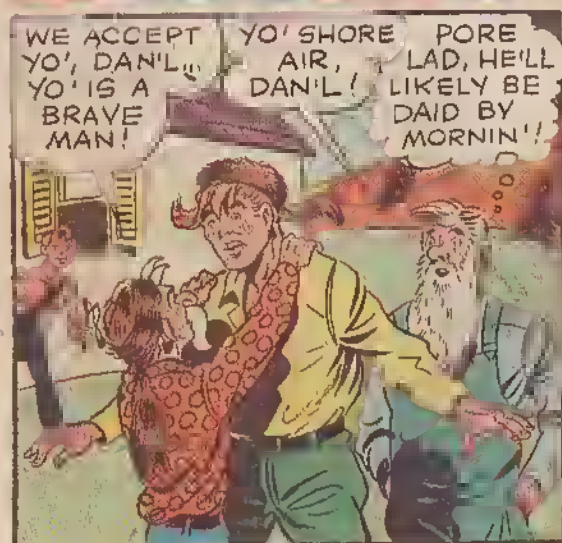
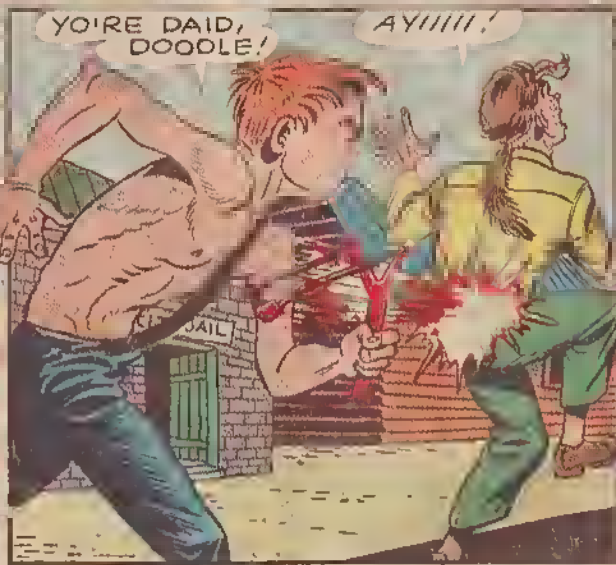
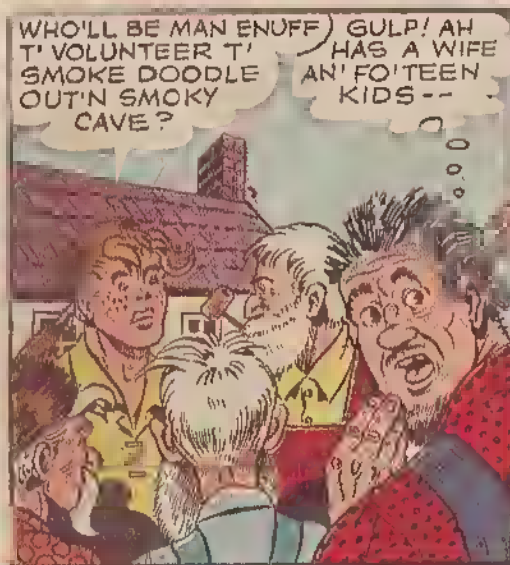
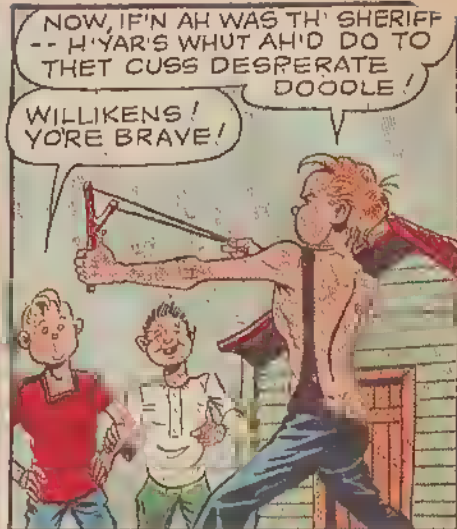
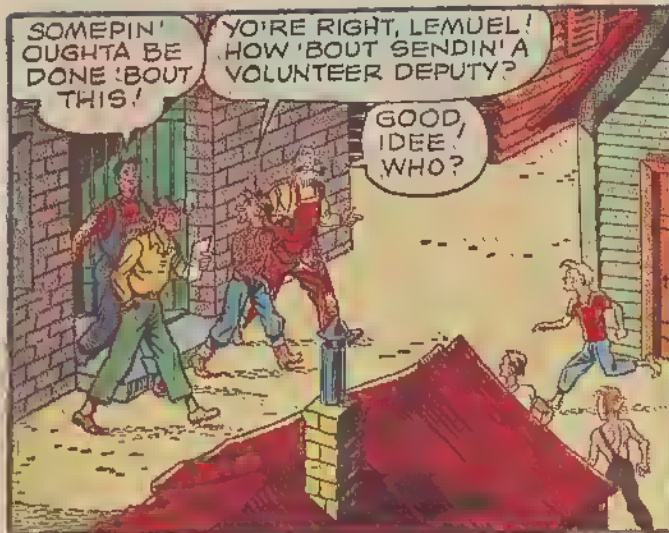
LOOK-- A NOTE!

JUMPIN' FROGS 'N' TADPOLES! DOODLE'S KIDNAPPED SHERIFF

WHUT?


LAWHAW! READ THE REST O' THET NOTE, DAN'L!

IT SAYS! "BRING ONE THOUSAN' DOLLARS TO SMOKEY CAVE WHAR AH HAS SHERIFF LAWHAW OR HE DIES A DEAD MAN'S DEATH!" WHEW!



SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

BULL'S-EYE **Kill**!!



AN AMERICAN SUPPLY CARAVAN, ON ITS WAY TO AN ALLIED BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, IS THREATENED WITH DISASTER AS IT WINDS ITS WAY ALONG A JUNGLE ROAD--UNTIL CAPTAIN BILL TARGET OF THE U.S. CAVALRY, HITS UPON THE MOST DARING PLAN OF HIS FIGHTING CAREER!

NO JAPS YET... HOW MUCH FURTHER TO OUR BASE AT WALIMA?

40 MILE MORE...

BILL RIDES WITH A TRUSTED NATIVE GUIDE --

BUT MAY BE DANGER, BILL... MAY BE ENEMY...

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, KALA?

MY PEOPLE SAY... IF MONKEYS CHATTER... JAPS ARE NEAR...

CHET
CHIT
CHIT
CHET

LOOK OUT!

OUR EDUCATION WE CAN'T SHIRK
LET'S ALL PREPARE FOR FUTURE WORK



JAPS!



GET THE SUPPLIES
BEHIND THE HILL--
QUICK! WE'LL COVER
YOU!



AS SOON AS THE VITAL SUPPLIES ARE
ENTRENCHED...

COME ON...
LET'S BREAK FOR
THAT HILL, TOO.

YOU GO, SUDSY.
I'VE GOT TO GET
KALA.

BUT AS BILL CARRIES BACK
THE WOUNDED GUIDE...



HA! YOU DIE!



SUDDENLY, SHOTS ARE FIRED...

SUDSY, I
TOLD YOU TO
TAKE COVER.

NOT WITHOUT
YOU, PAL...
COME ON.

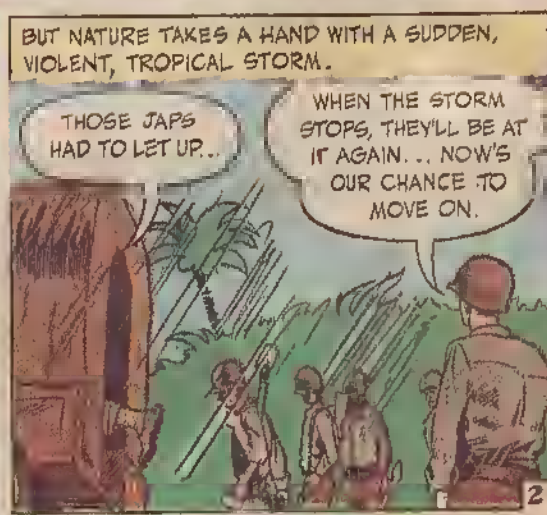
UG!



BEHIND THE HILL...

THEY'RE STILL
COMING!

THERE'S NO
LET UP.



BUT NATURE TAKES A HAND WITH A SUDDEN,
VIOLENT, TROPICAL STORM.

THOSE JAPS
HAD TO LET UP...

WHEN THE STORM
STOPS, THEY'LL BE AT
IT AGAIN... NOW'S
OUR CHANCE TO
MOVE ON.

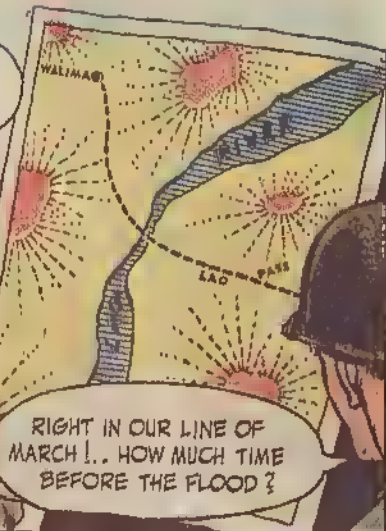
QUESTION No. 12. What is the slang name for the identification tags worn by our fighters?

A MOMENT LATER...

WE PATCHED
HIS SHOULDER.
HE'LL BE O.K.

YES, WE MUST
GO NOW, BILL,
OR WILL BE
TOO LATE TO
GET THROUGH LAO
MOUNTAIN PASS.

AFTER BIG STORM,
CLOUDBURST WILL COME...
LAO RIVER WILL OVERFLOW...
CAUSE BIG FLOOD...
SEE, ON MAP...



RIGHT IN OUR LINE OF
MARCH!.. HOW MUCH TIME
BEFORE THE FLOOD?

ONE HOUR...
ENOUGH TIME, IF
WE DO NOT HAVE
TO STOP AND FIGHT
MORE JAPANESE...

THAT WON'T
HAPPEN... I'LL
SEE TO IT.

THE CAVALRY MUST
STAY HERE AND DELAY.
THE JAPS... NONE OF US
MAY COME OUT ALIVE,
BUT THOSE SUPPLIES
MUST GET THROUGH.

COUNT ME
IN, BILL.

I'LL STAY!

AS THE COMPANY SWIFTLY
REFORMS ITS LINES...

HERE IS MAP
TO WALIMA... GOOD
LUCK, BILL.

YOU, TOO...
GET GOING!

SPLIT SECONDS LATER,
THE JAPS AGAIN ATTACK!

WE'LL
BLAST
THROUGH
THEM!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE CAVALRY
CHARGES...

THEN RETIRES...

WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF AMMO. BUT WE'VE HELD THEM FOR NEARLY AN HOUR. LET'S GET OUT, IN BACK OF THE HILL.

BUT... TOO LATE... THEY'VE CIRCLED THE HILL. LUCKY I BURNED KALA'S MAP!

HA! YOU ARE TRAPPED!

THE CAVALRY IS FORCED TO SURRENDER --

YOU CAN SAVE YOUR LIVES BY ANSWERING QUESTIONS. WHERE IS ALLIED BASE? WHERE DID SUPPLIES GO?

IS THAT THE #64 QUESTION?

NO ONE TALKS. SO YOU WILL DIE -- ONE BY ONE... HE FIRST.

WAIT! DON'T KILL HIM!... I'LL LEAD YOU TO THE BASE -- IN EXCHANGE FOR OUR FREEDOM.

HOLD YOUR FIRE!

AS SUDSY FACES THE FIRING SQUAD --

IN QUICK TIME...

WE'RE COMING TO THE LAO PASS. RIGHT BEYOND IT IS THE ALLIED CAMP...

IF YOU LEAD ME TO WRONG PLACE, YOU WILL ALL DIE!

LOOK AT THOSE DARK CLOUDS! THEY REMIND ME OF WHEN WE WERE IN BURMA, NEAR THE IRRAWADDY RIVER... REMEMBER, SUDSY?

OH... OH, SURE!

QUIET!

HERE'S THE PASS, BUT THERE'S GOING TO BE A STORM. YOU'D BETTER WAIT.

FOR WHAT? TO GIVE ALLIES TIME TO FIND OUT WE ARE HERE? WE GO ON!

HALFWAY THROUGH
THE PASS...

WHERE ARE
FORTIFICATIONS?

THERE--THROUGH
THAT GAP.

SUDDENLY, A RUMBLE IS
HEARD, SWIFTLY HEIGHTEN-
ING TO A MIGHTY ROAR!

DO YOU HEAR?
ARTILLERY!

THEY'RE
FIRING AT US... WE
WILL ANSWER!

ATTACK!

BE READY TO
MAKE A BREAK
FOR IT.

A SPLIT SECOND LATER, TORRENTS OF
WATER RUSH FURIOUSLY DOWN ON THEM!

A FLOOD!

UP HERE--
QUICK!

HELP!... WE'RE
DROWNING!

THAT
WASHES UP
THE JAP
ATTACK.

KALA TOLD ME ABOUT
THE LAO RIVER. HE SHOWED
ME-- ON THE MAP-- AND I
LED THOSE RATS IN
FOR A DRINK. NOW--ON
TO WALAMI!

LATER, AT
HEADQUARTERS...

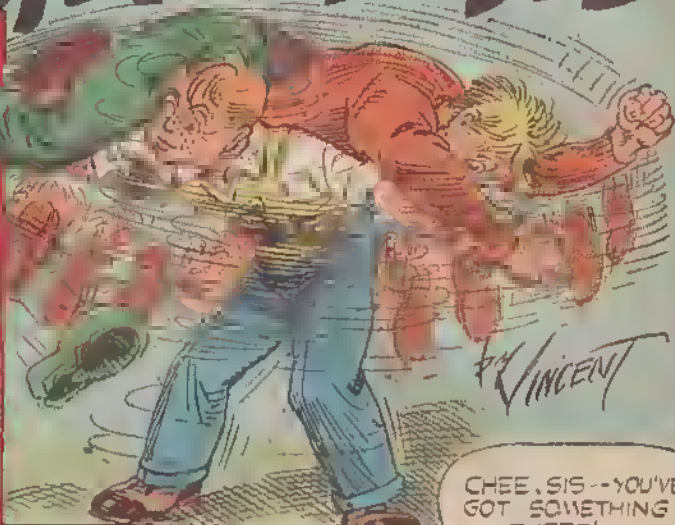
YOU AND YOUR MEN
SCORED AGAIN, BILL.
BUT IT'S THE FIRST TIME
I'VE HEARD OF THE CAVALRY
DROWNING OUT THE
ENEMY... THERE'S NO TELLING
WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

WHATEVER
BILL AND HIS
CAVALRY DO
NEXT, WE CAN
BE SURE OF
ONE THING,
IT WILL BE
ANOTHER STEP
FORWARD IN
HURLING THE
JAPS BACK!
ANOTHER STEP
IN CRUSHING
THE ENEMY!

BOY, THAT WAS
SMART OF YOU, BILL... I
KNEW WHAT YOU WERE UP TO
WHEN YOU MENTIONED BURMA
BECAUSE THE IRRAWADDY OVER-
FLOWED... BUT HOW'D YOU
KNOW ABOUT THIS?

SPECK, SPOT AND SIS

SPECK, --OUTSIDE OF SCHOOL HOURS IS WORKING ON THE SMARTSBURG DAILY PAPER AS COPY BOY. HIS ONE AMBITION, AT PRESENT, IS TO BECOME CUB REPORTER-- HE HAS HEARD IT SAID THAT A NATURAL BORN REPORTER HAS THE "NOSE FOR NEWS" -- SO NOW, SPECK IS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO GATHER NEWS --



CHEE, SIS -- YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!

GOSH, IF I COULD ONLY THINK OF SOME WAY TO GET NEWS FOR THE PAPER, I MIGHT GET TO BE A CUB REPORTER!

SPECK, LISTEN -- I'VE GOT IT! LE'S HUNT FOR A WAR HERO AND GET HIS STORY, THEN YOUR EDITOR ---

THINKING?

SMACK!

THE FIRST JOB FOR US TO DO IS TO FIND A HERO --- HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHERE WE CAN FIND HIM?

NO! BUT LOOK -- TWO NEW KIDS IN TOWN, AND -- DO THEY LOOK TOUGH!

IF THIS IS WHO I THINK IT IS A-COMIN' -- YOU KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT, AND LET ME DO TH' CHIN WORK -- 'CAUSE I'VE GOTTA SHOW HIM I'M TOUGH!

OKE, CHIEF!

AH--! SO YOU ARE TH' SPECK KID, EH!

TH' WONDER BOY!
TH' GOODY-GOODY
WHO CAN DO
NOTHIN'
WRONG!!

I FEEL A GREAT
BIG 'SPLOSION
COMIN' ON--

BUMP!

STOMP!

I'VE BEEN WATCHIN' YOU IN THIS COMIC
BOOK FER A LONG TIME, AN' I'M GET-
TING TIRED OF ALL THIS NAMBY-
PAMBY STUFF YOU'VE BEEN DOIN'--
FROM NOW ON I'M TAKING OVER
YOUR MOB-- I'M GONNA PUT SOME
LIFE INTO THIS FEATURE-- 'CAUSE
I'M TIRIN' OUT THE ON-LOOKERS--



TH' FURTHER DOWN TH' STREET YOU GO,
TH' TOUGHER IT GETS--I LIVE IN TH' NEXT
TO THE LAST HOUSE--ME BRUDDER LIVES
IN TH' LAST HOUSE 'CAUSE HE'S **TOUGHER**
THAN ME-- HE'S A
MARINE!

--AND HE'S HOME ON A
FURLOUGH--AND HE'S A
HERO WITH MEDALS
ON AND EVERYTHING!

IS-ZAT SO?

I DON'T KNOW
ABOUT THIS!
MAYBE--THOUGH,
IT'S SOME NEW
KIND OF A
GAME--



AW, GO ON! I BETCHA
YOU HAVEN'T GOT A
BROTHER--IF SO, SHOW
HIM TO ME!

ALL RIGHT,
I WILL!

SEE THAT LAST HOUSE--THAT'S WHERE MY
BRUDDER LIVES, LIKE I TOLD YOU--HE'S A
GREAT BIG GUY, AND WHEN HE FIGHTS,
HE 'GASSANATES' JAPS BY TH' HUNNARDS--

MY BIG BROTHER
IS AN MP -- BUT HE'S
A PRISONER IN JAPAN!

SNIFF.
SNIFF--

YEH, BIG
BATT--
HE LIVES IN
THE LAST
HOUSE 'CAUSE
HE'S TOUGH!

COME ON--YOU'VE SEEN ME BRUDDER. NOW--WE'VE A VERY 'PORTANT DATE DOWN IN BACK OF TH' GAS HOUSE!

HI, SPECK! HI, SIS! HI, SPOT! GLAD TO MEETCHA IN PERSON! I'VE BEEN WATCHIN' YOU IN **TARGET COMICS** FER A LONG TIME!

YESSIR, WHEN I WAS DOWN IN TH' SOUTH PACIFIC-US MARINES READ **TARGET COMICS**

AND WE SURE DID ADMIRE YOU KIDS AND THE GOOD WORK YOU ARE DOIN' HERE AT HOME!

YEH--WE GOTTA GO.



WELL, KIDS, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WILL YOU SHOW US SOME JUDO HOLDS?

SPECK IS GONNA BE A CUB REPORTER, AND HE WANTS TO INTERVIEW YOU!

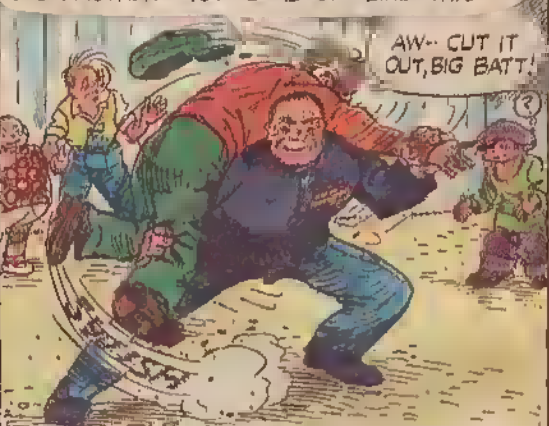
AW--NUTS!

AW NUTS!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS! THAT'S A FINE IDEA--NOW, SPECK, WATCH THIS HOLD! I'LL DEMONSTRATE ON BRICK BATT, THEN YOU CAN PRACTICE ON ONE ANOTHER--YOU GRAB 'EM LIKE THIS--

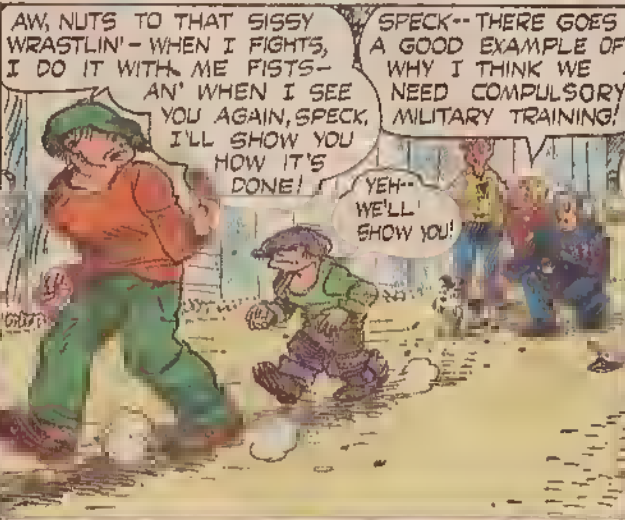
AW-- CUT IT OUT, BIG BATT!



AW, NUTS TO THAT SISSY WRASTLIN'-- WHEN I FIGHTS, I DO IT WITH ME PISTS-- AN' WHEN I SEE YOU AGAIN, SPECK, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE!

SPECK-- THERE GOES A GOOD EXAMPLE OF WHY I THINK WE NEED COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING!

YEH-- WE'LL SHOW YOU!

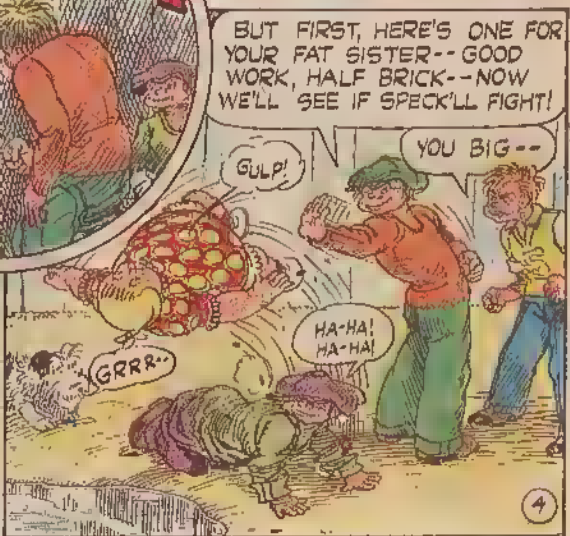
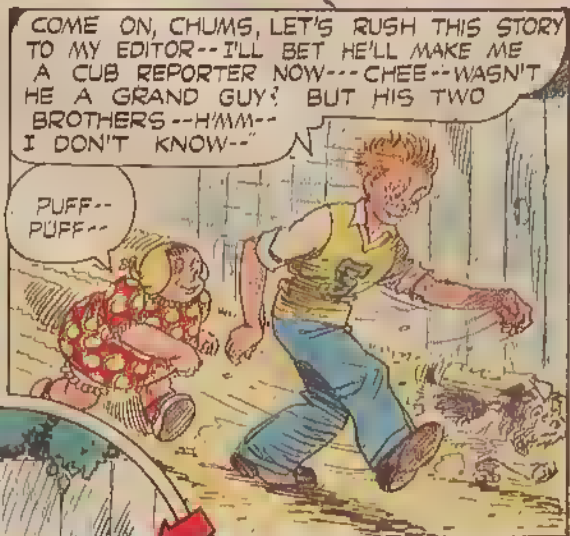
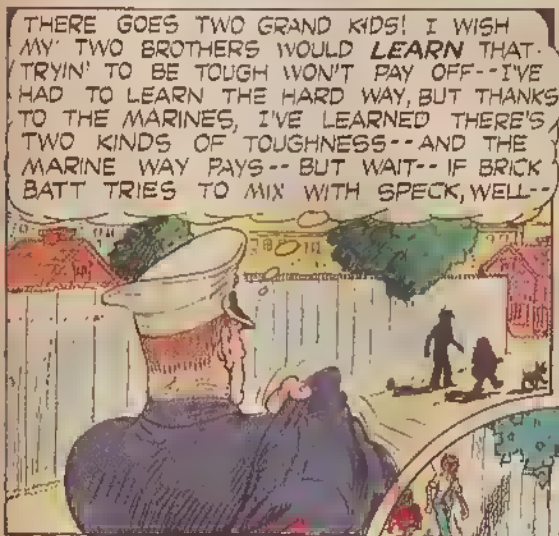
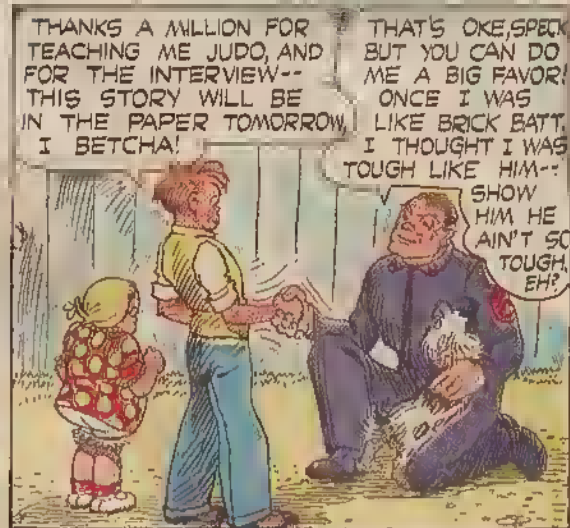
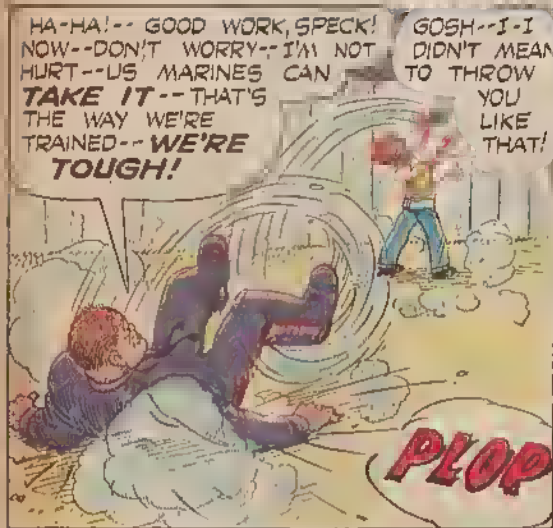


ONE HOUR LATER AFTER MANY STRENUOUS TRIES-- NOW, MOVE FAST! SPEED IS TH' BIG ESSENTIAL! SIZE IS NOTHIN'--RAISE, WHIRL, THROW! NOW ONE--

IT'S A GOOD TRICK--IF WE CAN DO IT!



Q QUESTION No. 15. Do the chevrons on Big Batt's sleeve indicate that he is a first sergeant?



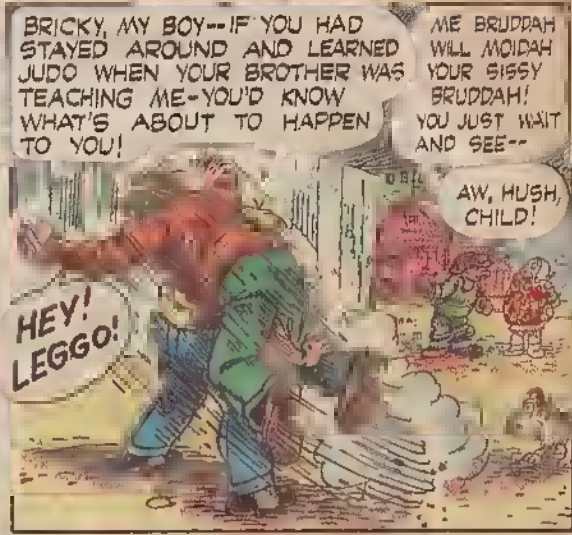


OUTA MY WAY, SPECK, I'M JUST ABOUT TO FORGET I'M A LADY!

WELL--WHATTER YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT?

LONG AS YOU PICKED ON ME, IT WAS ALL RIGHT-- BUT THIS IS A DIFFERENT MATTER!

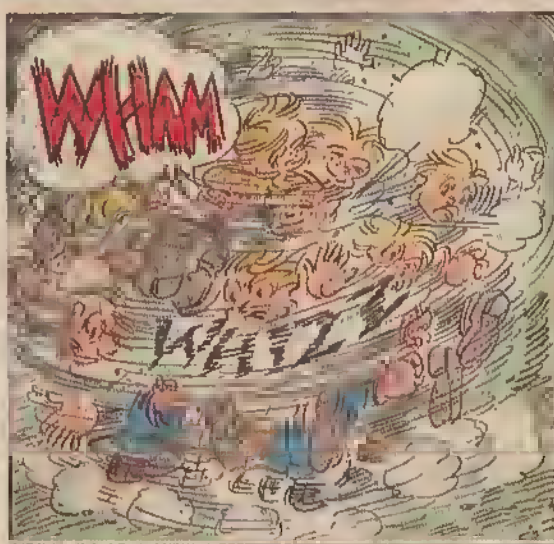
OYEH!



HEY! LEGGO!

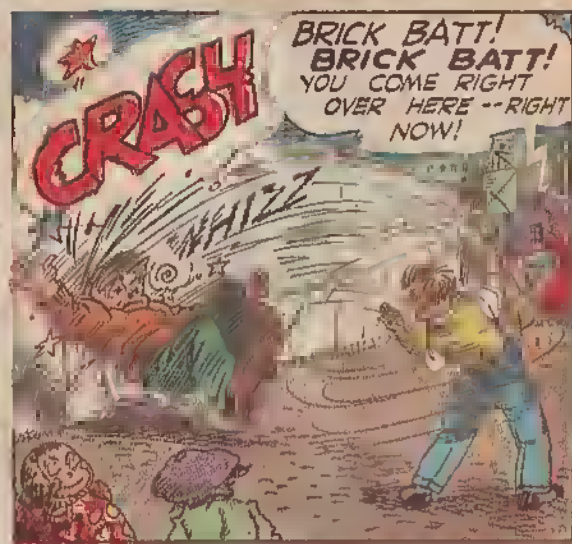
ME BRUDDAH WILL MOIDAH YOUR SISSY BRUDDAH! YOU JUST WAIT AND SEE--

AW, HUSH, CHILD!



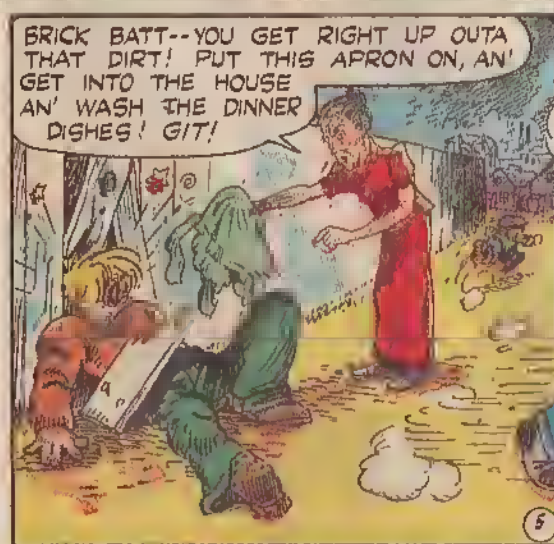
WHAM

WHIZZ

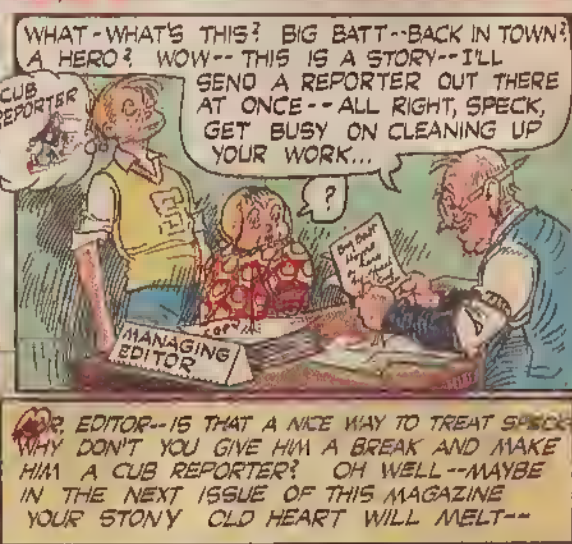


CRASH

BRICK BATT! BRICK BATT! YOU COME RIGHT OVER HERE --RIGHT NOW!



BRICK BATT--YOU GET RIGHT UP OUTA THAT DIRT! PUT THIS APRON ON, AN' GET INTO THE HOUSE AN' WASH THE DINNER DISHES! GIT!



WHAT--WHAT'S THIS? BIG BATT--BACK IN TOWN? A HERO? WOW-- THIS IS A STORY--I'LL SEND A REPORTER OUT THERE AT ONCE-- ALL RIGHT, SPECK, GET BUSY ON CLEANING UP YOUR WORK...

CUB REPORTER

MANAGING EDITOR

MR. EDITOR--IS THAT A NICE WAY TO TREAT SPECK? WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HIM A BREAK AND MAKE HIM A CUB REPORTER? OH WELL--MAYBE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE YOUR STONY OLD HEART WILL MELT--

WASTE PAPER AND FATS HELP WIN THE WAR
SO KEEP COLLECTING MORE AND MORE

PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The CHAMELEON

THE FIGHTING HAS CEASED! ISLAND X
IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC HAS BEEN
SECURED AND ITS AIR STRIPS HUM
WITH AIR TRANSPORT ACTIVITY!



THANK YOU,
MAJOR KNOX!

HOW ARE
THINGS GOING,
MAJOR?

WELCOME TO
ISLAND X,
COLONEL
HAVERS, MR.
STOCKBRIDGE!



EVERYTHING'S FINE! WE WIPE
OUT EVERY JAP HOLED IN ON
THIS ISLAND EXCEPT THE
FEW WE'RE HOLDING FOR
YOUR QUESTIONING!



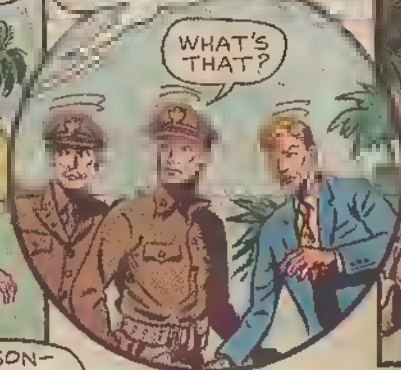
BUY WAR BONDS—THAT'S OUR TIP
TO HELP DEFEAT THE WILY NIP



FINE! I WANT TO GET STARTED!

WE'LL GO TO THE PRISON STOCKADE AT ONCE!

WHAM!



WHAT'S THAT?

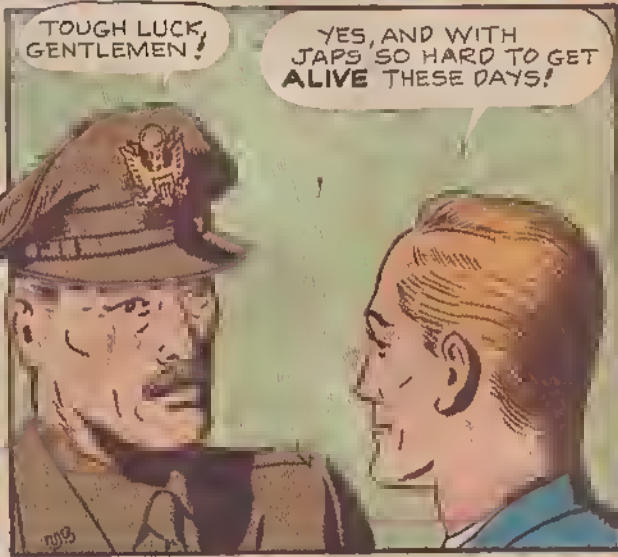


MAJOR KNOX!

YES, LIEUTENANT?



THE JAPANESE PRISONERS BLEW THEMSELVES TO BITS! THEY MUST HAVE SMUGGLED IN A HAND GRENADE!



TOUGH LUCK, GENTLEMEN!

YES, AND WITH JAPS SO HARD TO GET ALIVE THESE DAYS!



YOU MIGHT AS WELL MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME UNTIL THE NEXT TRANSPORT LEAVES!

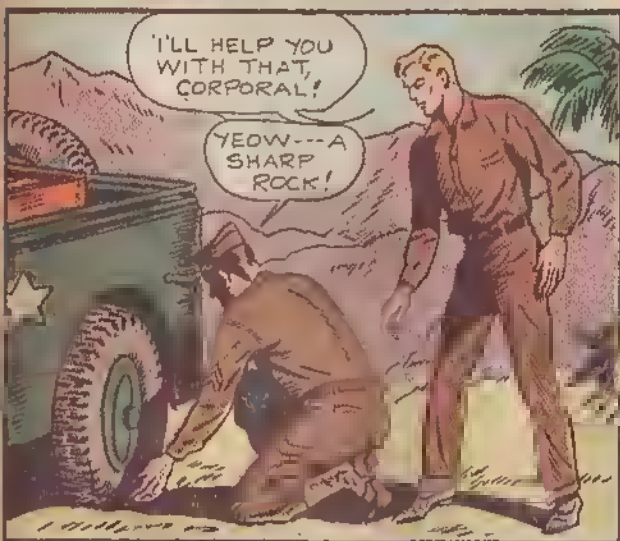
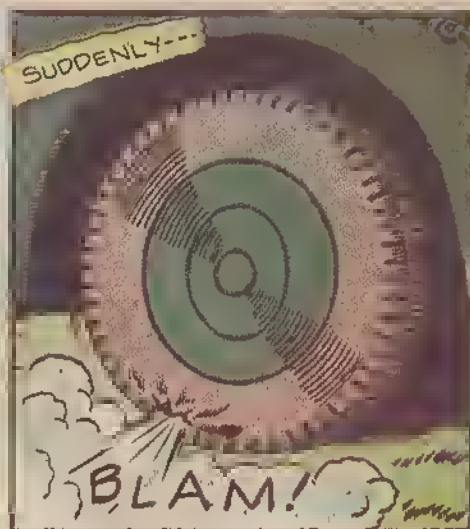
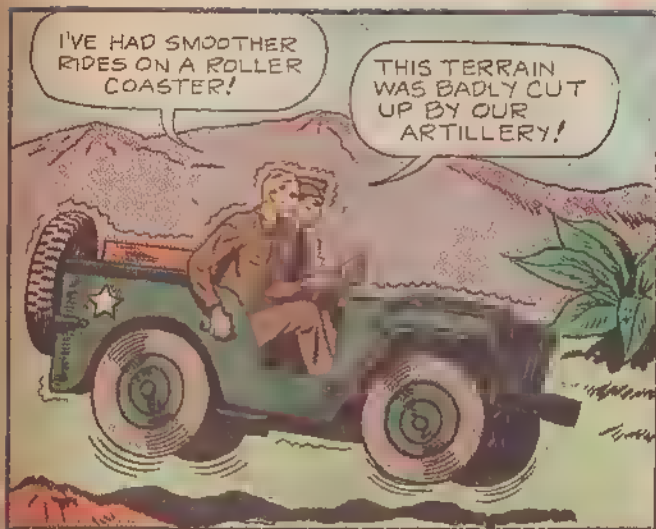
GOOD IDEA! I'D LIKE TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND!

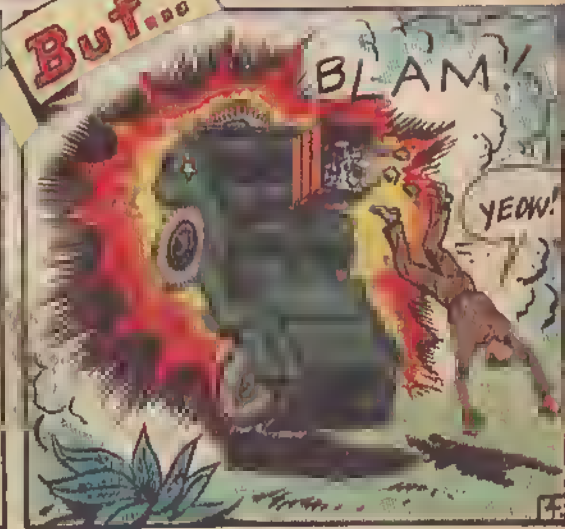
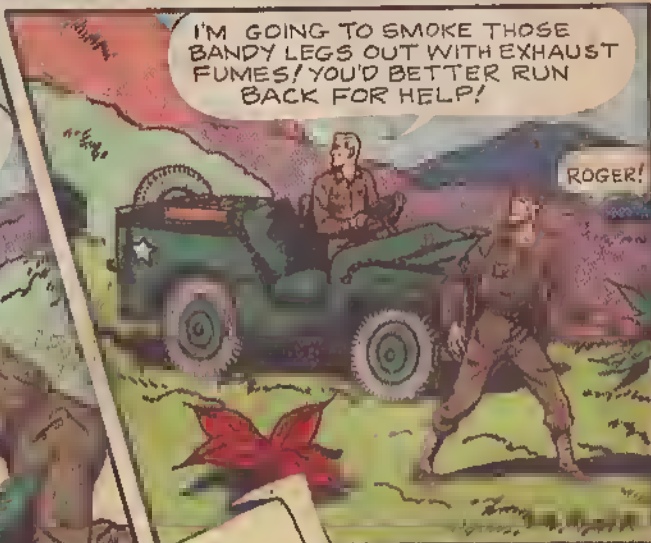
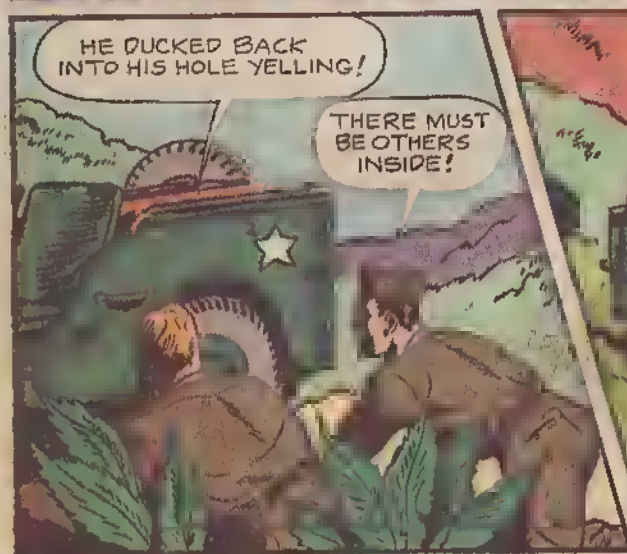
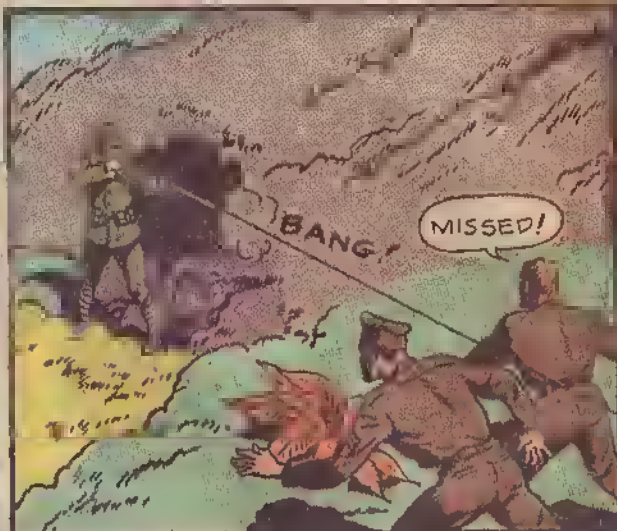


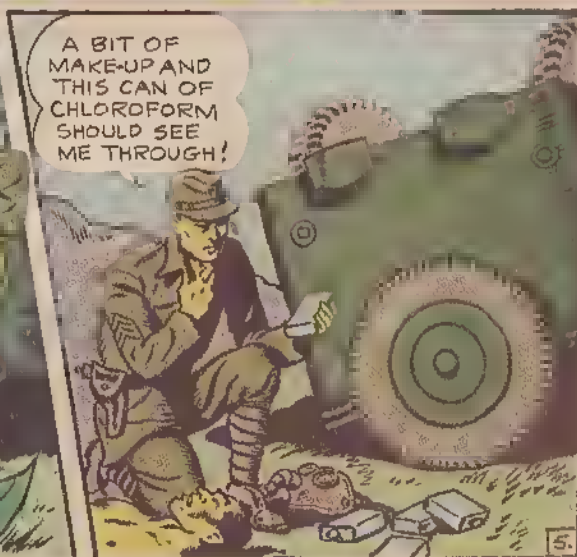
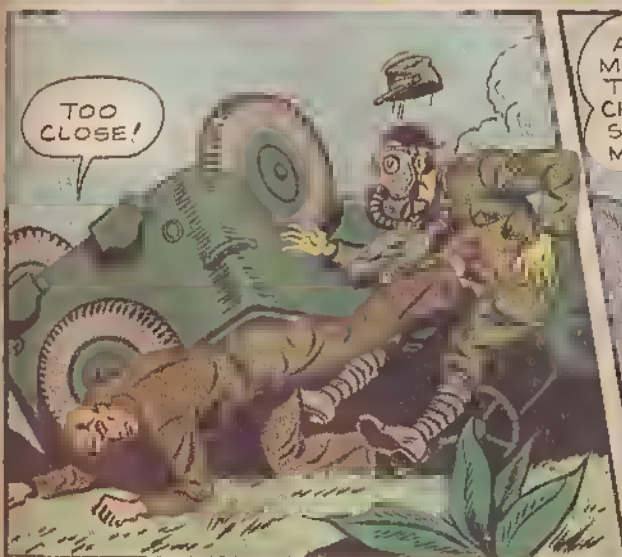
LATER---

WHERE ARE WE HEADING, CORPORAL?

I'VE GOT TO DELIVER THIS CASE OF CHLOROFORM TO THE MEDICS AT AIRSTRIP TWO!







PETE DONS THE GAS MASK AND STEPS
OUT INTO THE OPEN---

I HOLD THE HIGHEST RANK
HERE! I'LL TRY TO MAKE THESE
DOES UNDERSTAND THAT WE'RE
TO MAKE A SUICIDE RAID ON
AIRPORT NUMBER ONE!



WELL, I'VE GOTTEN
THESE RICE EATERS
TO FOLLOW ME
ANYWAY!



GREAT GASPAR!
WE'RE NEAR THE AIR-
PORT! I'VE GOT TO
TRAP THESE DUMMIES!



I'LL TAKE OFF MY MASK---
HOPE THEY FOLLOW
SUIT--- GOOD!



THAT'S IT, SUCKERS---
ON YOUR HANDS AND
KNEES---



NOW THIS CHLOROFORM---
I WONDER WHAT KIND
OF DREAMS JAPS
HAVE!



QUESTION No. 18. Does chloroform produce esthetics, anesthesia, or neuralgia?

MEANWHILE--AT THE AIRPORT---

I'M WORRIED ABOUT STOCKBRIDGE! HE'S OUT THERE ALONE!

WE SENT OUT A WELL-ARMED PATROL! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

YOU WEREN'T KIDDING, MAJOR!

STOCKBRIDGE!

LET'S DUCK THE FORMALITIES-- TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE, GENTLEMEN!

WHAT'S GOING ON?

THEY'RE OUR PRISONERS, COLONEL! THE MEDIC'S CHLOROFORM SERVED A GOOD PURPOSE!

IT'S AMAZING, STOCKBRIDGE!

SOME TIME LATER--

DROP IN ON US AGAIN.

THANK YOU, SIR! THOSE SLEEPING BEAUTIES SURE GAVE US PLENTY OF INFORMATION!

THANKS TO YOU, PETE, WE'VE GOT OUR INFORMATION AFTER ALL!

BOY! WERE THOSE SLEEPING NIPS SURPRISED TO WAKE UP IN THE STOCKADE!

THE CHAMELEON PACKS A TERRIFIC STORY WALLOP IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **TARGET COMICS!**

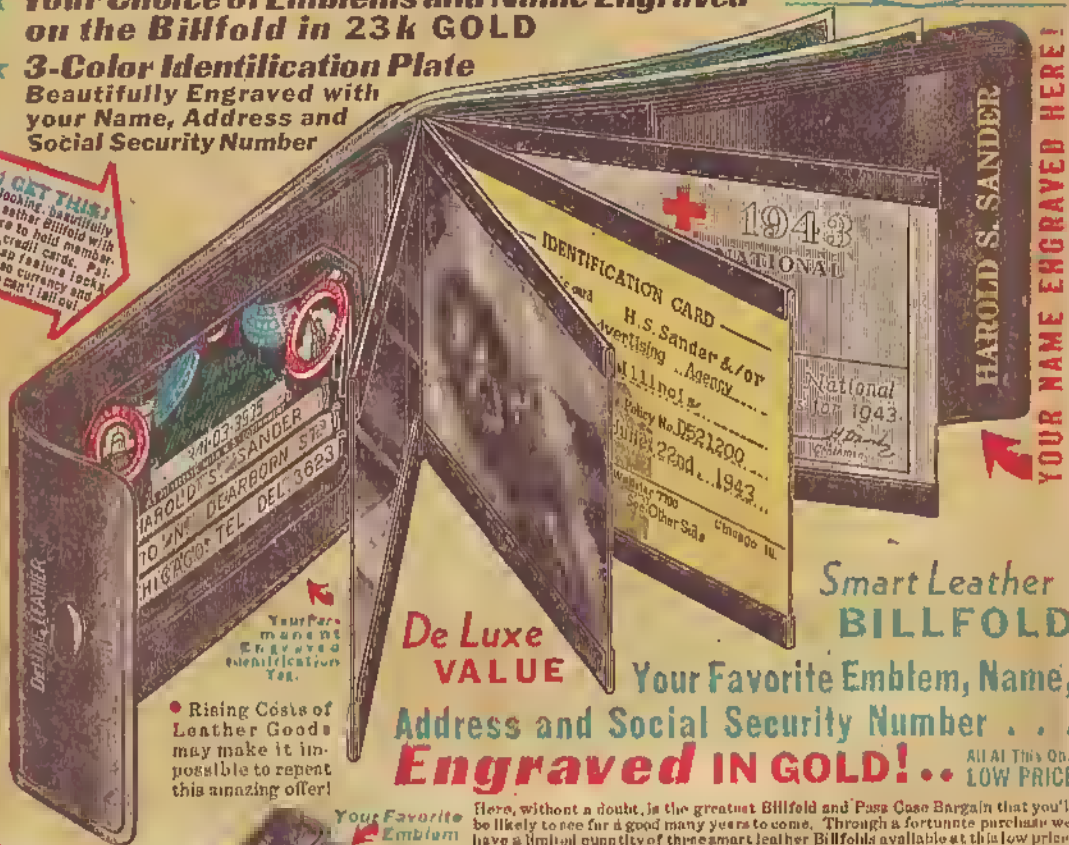
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YOU GET THIS!
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YOU GET THIS!
Your choice of Emblems and your Name right on Face of the Billfold. Your Name is also engraved in Gold, inside the Billfold.

YOU GET THIS!
A beautiful 3-color Emergency Identification Plate which carries your full Name, Address and Social Security Number. A perfect identification record for you.

Here, without a doubt, is the greatest Billfold and Pass Case Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. Through a fortunate purchase we have a limited quantity of these smart leather Billfolds available at this low price. If you have shopped around, you know that it is virtually impossible to get a good leather Billfold of this type beautifully engraved in gold with your Lodge Emblem or Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps Insignia and Name at this sensational low price. In addition we also send you a specially designed 3-color Emergency Identification Plate, on which we engrave your Social Security Number, your Name and your Address. This smart Leather Billfold must actually be seen to be fully appreciated. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., it has 4 pockets each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. This handsome Billfold has the sturdy appearance and style usually found in leather Billfolds.

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If you want a LODGE, ARMY, or NAVY INSIGNIA, state name here.
Gentlemen: I enclose \$1.98. Please send me a Smart Leather Billfold with my name and favorite Emblem engraved in 23k Gold. You are also to include the Emergency Identification Plate carrying my Full Name and Social Security Number.

MY FULL NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ Check here if you want Social Security Number.
☐ Use to ship the above C. O. D. for \$1.98 plus a few pennies postage and C. O. D. charges.

Rush Your Order! OUR SUPPLY OF LEATHER BILLFOLDS IS LIMITED!

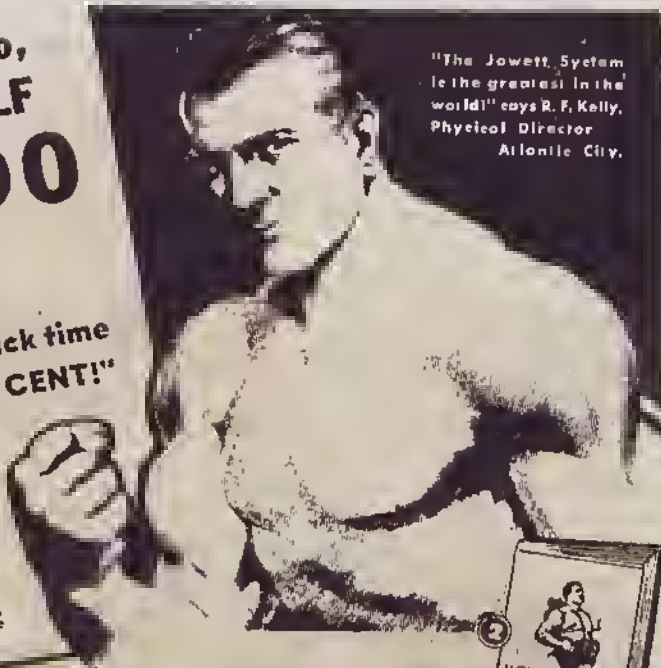
inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*

whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

[illegible]

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director
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I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck doctor's certificate to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, hardens men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—this no matter how flabby or puny you are! I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring you the power of the "Progressive Power Method", and, finally, I satisfy you, etc. etc. etc. you want to be. MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.

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SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT, Jewell-trained athlete who won men's American Badminton Championships for Physical Education.



REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South India, says he, "I owe everything to Jundt method." Look at this chest—then consider the title of the Jundt Program!

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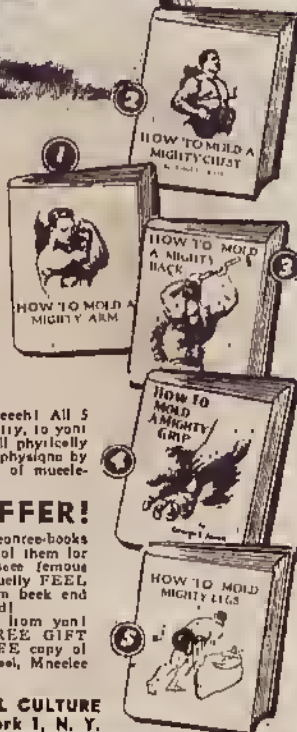
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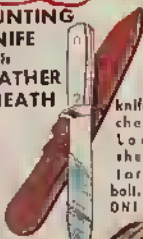
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